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ART. I.—*The Inferno of Dante Alighieri. Canto* 1. 17. *With a Translation in English blank Verse, Notes, and a Life of the Author. By the Rev. Henry Francis Cary, A. M.* 8vo. 7s. Carpenter. 1805.

TO proficients in Italian literature, no evidence will be requisite to convince them of the extreme difficulty of the task which Mr. Cary has undertaken; nothing less than to give "a version of the Divina Commedia, so faithful as, with the assistance of the notes, to enable one moderately skilled in the Italian tongue to understand the original text, and which at the same time shall not be totally devoid of interest to the mere English reader.' But to those who are yet strangers to the lineaments of the original, the subjoined sketch of its more striking features may not be without its use, in enabling them to judge of the degree of likeness preserved in the translation.

Dante has every claim to the character of originality, which the severest critics admit as valid. His manner, sentiments, and opinions, his diction and versification, are entirely self-formed and peculiar. To his 'adventurous song,' the words of Milton might have been applied in their fullest sense—

> 'It pursues
> Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme;'

and among all the poets of succeeding ages and various countries, we believe, that with the exception of the author of Paradise Lost, there is not one who can be considered as his counterpart. Though the palm of superiority must be conceded to our countryman, in the scientific conduct and artful diversification of his narrative; in the concealment and gradual disclosure of his catastrophe; in the perpetual variation and interchange of the scenery from hell to earth, from earth to heaven, through the 'anarchy' of night

and chaos, and the whole compass of the universe; in the higher importance, and ineffable majesty of the characters; in the more refined taste and elevated style; in the general interest and sublimity of the poem: yet in newness of thought and contrivance; in rapidity of invention and fertility of imagination; in learning,* in powers of description and vivid painting; in the happy representation of natural gesture, and courteous and graceful deportment; in unaffected dignity and simplicity; in virtuous indignation and pure morality; in nerve and energy; in the manly, pathetic, and terrible sublime; in these respects Dante fills, in some an equal, in others a superior rank.

The period when he wrote, was at the day-break of modern literature; and he appears to have been one of those who most exulted in the dawn of returning knowledge, and who adventured farthest in research and theory. Tiraboschi mentions with wonder, as a proof of his surpassing his contemporaries in natural philosophy, that he anticipated one of the opinions of Galileo, expressed in the following words: 'Vino altro non è, se non luce del sole mescolata con l'umido della vite.' 'Wine is nothing but the light of the sun mixed with the juice of the vine.'

> E perchè meno ammiri la parola,
> Guarda 'l calor del sol, che si fa vino
> Giunto all' umor, che della vite cola. *Purgatorio*, C. 25.

'That you may wonder the less at what I say, observe the heat of the sun, which becomes wine, when joined with the liquid which flows from the vine.' But the limits of physical science afforded not sufficient range for the universality of his genius, which strove to explore the infinite expanse of the immaterial world. No stronger instance can be given of the boldness of his mind in abstract speculations, than the choice he has made of a subject, which obliged him to lay the scene of action in the supernatural abodes of angels and devils and the unbodied spirits of the dead. With unexampled intellectual courage he was the first who dared to stamp the moral instructions of the muse with the authority of the christian revelation; and without discarding the use of the heathen mythology, introduced what may, without impropriety, be called a new mythology, a sacro-profane machinery, having, like the former system, truth for its groundwork, but being, like that, disfigured by the intermixture of

* 'L'Erudizione per quei tempi vastissima.' Tiraboschi.

bigotry and superstition. How far this revolution in poetry was advantageous to the cause of religion, or how far the author of the innovation has transgressed against the evangelical precepts of charity and humility, in assuming the office of the distributor of eternal rewards or punishment, are questions which might fairly admit of discussion. It may be urged in his vindication, that he improved the moral tendency of his art, and raised its importance; and that, in compensation for the irreverence of introducing the heavenly powers as the actors in a poem, he has, by their presence, thrown over his work an air of awfulness and sanctity, which give it an effect upon the conscience and the heart, often approaching in degree to that produced by the warning voice of scripture itself. He never disgraces his subject by the licentiousness of fancy, in which the succeeding poets of his country too freely indulged; and never employs celestial agents for the attainment of any unworthy or trifling end.* He is ever strictly virtuous and submissively pious, and the sense of the power and omnipresence of the Deity seems to go before and guide his steps, wherever his reason or his imagination conducts him.

To the zealous but misguided warfare of the crusaders, was owing the birth of chivalry, which forms the most distinguishing characteristic of the epocha which preceded the revival of literature. Dante, versed in the cabinet, and a veteran in the field, jealous of his honour, and established in his faith, could not be otherwise than caught by a spirit so congenial with his feelings and accommodated to his station. The consequence has necessarily been, that there is diffused throughout his work a high colouring of romantic adventure, with its usual accompaniments, courtesy of behaviour, and generosity of sentiment, and not without a deep shade of animosity and violence. The latter effect is perceived in the party malevolence and religious intolerance which too frequently betray themselves, and cloud the general purity of the work. Here, however, we are to look for the first considerable draught of the moral features of the chivalrous ages, which, with whatever imperfections they are otherwise chargeable, frequently displayed, in the manners of the higher and more accomplished ranks of society, a dignified suavity and benevolence rarely exceeded in periods of advanced refinement.

It seems not improbable that the example of Dante

* Ariosto and Tasso are charged with these faults.

suggested to the painters the transfer of their art, from false to true religion. It is well known that Michael Angelo employed his powerful and congenial talents in sketching the scenes of the poem upon the margin of the copy which he possessed. In deserting the fables of antiquity, whatever may have been lost of fanciful decoration and voluptuous elegance, has been much more than replaced by the purer and nobler species of the sublime and pathetic, derived from the source of the sacred writings. In vain would all human ingenuity have laboured to conceive any thing equal to the maternal tenderness of a Madona, or the heroic humility of a suffering Redeemer. As much as truth excels fiction, and pre-eminence in goodness is superior to every other endowment, so much the more grand and affecting, in the eyes of a believer in revealed religion, are those paintings which act as a lively comment upon the history of the christian faith. This remark may be extended to the sister art. Those who with Dante look up to Homer as the

> 'Signor dell' altissimo canto,'
>
> 'The monarch of sublimest song,'

will not surely permit their admiration so to blind their judgment, as to prevent them from acknowledging, that the subject, characters, sentiments, in short, the elements of the Iliad and Odyssey, are inferior in intrinsic dignity and pathos to those of the Paradise Lost or the Divina Commedia. Thus much may be given up, without affecting the supremacy of the Grecian, as the father of the art, the Poeta Sovrano, the original delineator of the forms of nature, the inventor of the Epopee, and the unrivalled master of the most sonorous, full, and inexhaustible stream of poetical inspiration.

It may, however, be alleged, that whatever advantage Dante may have derived from the gravity and elevation of his subject, he has been to an equal degree a loser by the damp which its very nature must throw upon the reader. Are not the concerns of the other world too serious to be the means of producing delight, which is acknowledged to be the principal end of poetry? And is not a poem a vehicle of too light a frame for the conveyance of religious instruction? To some minds of an effeminate weakness, the horrors of the Inferno are intolerable; and to others, whose judgments are swayed by ridicule, the moral tyrant of the day, they may appear absurd: but to those who have neither morbid delicacy, nor hacknied feelings, nor corrupted hearts, we conceive that the great fundamental truths of our religion,

not the less perhaps for being brought forward under the guise of poetical fiction, must ever be in the highest degree interesting and instructive. The terrors of a state of retribution are undoubtedly painted by Dante in their strongest colours, and his Hell is still more horrible than that of Milton, because in the one case the sufferers are men who had a real individual existence, and in the other, spiritual beings and devils, in a great measure the creatures of the imagination. After all, if it be admitted that too gloomy and severe a cast pervades the poem, it must, on the other hand, be granted, that such would naturally be the style of a man of strong mind and impetuous feelings, tossed in civil commotions, and harassed by reiterated disappointments, exiled from his country, a wanderer, and a dependant on precarious bounty. All is not, however, of so dark a hue. The attention, wearied with its passage through the burning deserts and sable air of the Inferno, is at intervals seasonably relieved and delighted by arriving at some beautiful spot, fresh with the verdure and fragrant with the flowers of poesy.

'Guignemmo in prato di fresca verdura
Genti v'eran, con occhi tardi e gravì,
Di grande autorità ne' lor sembianti:
Parlavan rado, con voci soavi.
Traemmoci così dall' un de' canti,
In luogo aperto, luminoso e alto,
Si che veder si potén tutti quanti.
Colà diritto, sopra 'l verde smalto,
Mi fur mostrati gli spiriti magni,
Che di vederli, in me stesso, n' esalto.' C. 4, 111.
See also C. 14, 94, &c.

'We came
Into a mead with lively verdure fresh.
There dwelt a race, who slow their eyes around
Majestically mov'd, and in their port
Bore eminent authority; they spake
Seldom, but all their words were tuneful sweet.—
We to one side retir'd, into a place
Open and bright and lofty, whence each one
Stood manifest to view. Incontinent
There on the green enamel of the plain,
Were shewn me the great spirits, by whose sight
I am exalted in my own esteem.'

Often the terrors are alleviated by pleasing similes;

'Quale i fioretti, dal notterno gielo,
Chinati echiusi, poi che 'l sol gi 'imbianca.

Si drizzan tutti aperti in loro stelo,
Tal mi fec'io, di mia virtute stanca.
E tanto buono ardire al cuor mi corse,
Ch' i' cominciai, come persona franca.' C. 2, 127.

'As flowrets by the frosty air of night
Bent down and clos'd, when day has blanched their leaves,
Rise all unfolded on their spiry stems;
So was my fainting vigour new restor'd,
And to my heart such kindly courage ran,
That I as one undaunted, soon replied.'

The radical defect of the Divina Commedia is at one and the same time a proof of the originality of the genius and modesty of the disposition of its author: we mean the choice which he has made of the middle style, for a subject which seemed to demand the highest elevation. Assuredly with more humility than judgment, he has declined assuming the epic style, and abstained from bestowing upon his work in vesture, the dignity which in substance it possesses. But the wonder is the greater, that he should so frequently have strength sufficient to exalt a low and familiar style to the highest pitch of grandeur. Long dissertations have been written to ascertain the species of this composition, and the decision has necessarily been that it is 'neither comedy, nor epic, nor any other regular composition.' *(Tiraboschi.)* Milton has decidedly improved upon the model of his precursor through the realm of spirits, not only by the loftier diction which he has adopted, and indefatigably supported, but by the mechanism of his fable, which has enabled him to concentre the powers of his poetry upon comparatively a few objects, and by his courage in freeing himself from the trammels of rhyme, which appear in many instances to have cramped, or at least biassed the versification of Dante. As if every thing belonging to this extraordinary performance were destined to be of unquestionable originality, Dante invented a new kind of versification, which we are told was at first unacceptable to his countrymen: and a diction, unrivalled in strength, closeness, and precision, yet often anomalous and daring, and bidding defiance to imitation. Dante could not be an imitator, even when he strove to assume the character. He says, near the beginning of his poem:

'Or se' tu quel Virgilio, e quella fonte
Che spande di parlar sì largo fiume?
Risposi lui, con vergognosa fronte.
Oh degli altri Poeti onore e lume,

Vagliami 'l lungo studio, e 'l grande amore
Che m'han fatto cercar lo tuo volume.
Tu se' lo mio maestro e 'l mio autore:
Tu se' solo colui, da cu' io tolsi
Lo bello stile, che m'ha fatto onore. C. 1, 79.

'And art thou then that Virgil, that well-spring
From which such copious floods of eloquence
Have issued? I with front abash'd replied;
Glory and light of all the tuneful train,
May it avail me, that I long with zeal
Have sought thy volume, and with love immense
Have conn'd it o'er. My master thou and guide.
Then he from whom alone I have deriv'd
That style, which for its beauty into fame
Exalts me.'

Yet the general resemblance between these poets is very faint, and the particular passages borrowed from the Mantuan bard wear a different dress and mien when transferred into the possession of the Florentine.

Nothing seems to be less the result of study or imitation, than the structure of the Italian poem, and nothing perhaps is less deserving of either study or imitation. In the Inferno, the strata of the dead are scientifically allotted and arranged according to their several crimes; and we are conducted from circle to circle with as much regularity of method, and formality of detail, as a traveller would use in leading us through the different provinces of an empire. Many territories, many individuals, many incidents pass in review, but we are scarcely detained long enough in one spot to gain a permanent interest in the manners and characters of the inhabitants, and one prospect rapidly succeeds and confuses the remembrance of another, till the effect produced upon the mind, becomes that which results from accumulation, rather than selection. Yet the representation of the prudence, condescension, and tenderness of Virgil, and the susceptibility, earnestness, and reverent attention of his follower, lay a strong hold upon our affections, and irresistibly detain us in their company. We are not, however, kept in any painful fluctuation of hope and fear. Plot or catastrophe there is none. Virgil we know has his doom unchangeably fixed; and Dante, we cannot forget, must have returned from the abysses of hell, and quitted the realms of bliss, before he could have presented himself to us as the narrator of his own adventures. With regard to Beatrice, she is

too spiritual, and seated too high in the supernal sphere, to be considered as within the range of human sympathy.

In Dante's description of ghostly beings, some incongruities will be found, but let the vastness of the design, and the few materials afforded him by the works of his predecessors for the erection of so stupendous a pile, let all the difficulty of the undertaking be duly considered, and this and every other censure will be lost in admiration. That he was enthusiastically admired by his countrymen, and honours bestowed upon his memory, which might seem to insure to his name the meed of immortality, are facts sufficiently evidenced by the title of *Divina*, soon conferred by general suffrage upon the Commedia, and by the institution of lectures, the sole business of which was to explain and illustrate that great work, an office which immediately became an object of ambition to the most learned men of the age. Several causes have operated in the progress of time to abate the admiration, perhaps of his Italian readers, and certainly of those who live in a different country. The very similitude of the poem must have impressed a religionist of those days in the most lively manner. But the fabric of papal superstition, which was then a commanding citadel, attractive by its splendor, and formidable for its strength, is now a decayed, a tottering, and an almost neglected ruin. Since the doctrine of purgatory has been exploded, and masses for the dead deemed unavailing, since reason has been restored to her due prerogatives, and faith grounded exclusively on the word of God, such alterations have taken place in our religious sentiments as must necessarily render the opinions of Dante in many instances obsolete, in many erroneous, in many pitiably absurd. Another drawback upon the pleasure of the reader arises from the continual references to the history of a distant country in remote and distracted times. It is not to be expected that we should feel with such vivacity as those who were actors or eye-witnesses, or who lived before the minuter features of the times were obliterated, or who were descended from the same ancestors, or born in the same country, with the heroes recorded in the verse. In some instances an ample commentary is indispensable, and in others the requisite information is either lost or as yet buried in the chronicles of contemporary historians. The consequence is, that many individuals are introduced to us by name, of whose merits or demerits we are compelled to remain in helpless ignorance. Dante is, however, by no means confined to his national history, he expatiates freely over the various regions of the known world, and culls from every

clime the flowers best suited to his design. Another circumstance which very much tends to diminish the interest, is the state of literature, which had not then purged itself of scholastic subtleties and mysticism. The taste of the present age is disposed to grant very little consideration to science which is not founded upon the evidence of the senses, nor reducible to mathematical demonstration: and perhaps too little mercy is shewn to those flights of the imagination which presume to pass the borders of the visible creation. Suppose, however, it should be admitted that there is something of the barbarous in the style of the father of the Tuscan school: it is the barbarism of the co-eval style of architecture, and, like our Gothic edifices, is capable of affecting us with the sublimest feelings of delight and reverence. If the construction wants the proportion and disposition of the Grecian models, it has, in the true spirit of the Gothic, uniformity in the general effect, with a perpetual variety in the constituent particulars.

To give a faithful, natural, and spirited resemblance of such a poet, is a labour demanding no inconsiderable talents and learning. But by whatever established test of the merits of a translation the present specimen is tried, it will be found deserving of very high estimation. Not, indeed, without occasional approaches to servility, Mr. Cary is literal to a degree, which we think has never been exceeded in any poetical, and scarcely in any prose translation which has hitherto appeared in the English language. Very rarely has he added to, or diminished aught from his original. The very idioms are compelled to enter into another tongue (see c. 9, 97, and c. 14, 67, &c.) In numerous passages, nearly the identical sound is transfused, and the effect upon the ear is essentially the same, and the wonderful instances of imitative sound in the original, are dexterously copied in the translation. As in the following, c. 1, 22.

> 'E come quei, che, con lena affannata,
> Uscito fuor del pelago alla riva,
> Si volge all' acqua perigliosa e guata.'
>
> 'And as a man with difficult short breath
> Forespent with toiling, 'scap'd from sea to shore,
> Turns to the perilous wide waste, and stands
> At gaze;'

where the verses seem to breathe hard: and in the third Canto,

> 'Vidi una insegna
> Che, girando, correva tanto ratta
> Che d'ogni posa mi pareva indegna.' C. 3, 52.

'I beheld a flag
Which whirling ran around so rapidly
That it no pause obtained.'

In the abrupt beginning of the fourth Canto,

'Ruppemi l' alto sonno nella testa
Un greve tuono, si ch' i' mi riscossi,
Come persona, che per forza e desta.'

'Broke the deep slumber in my brain, a crack
Of heavy thunder, that I shook myself
As one by main force rous'd.'

And the fearful description of Cerberus in the sixth Canto, v. 13.

'Cerbero, fiera crudele e diversa,
Con tre gole caninamente latra
Sovra la gente, che quivi e sommersa.
Gli occhi ha vermigli, e la barba unta, e atra,
E'l ventre largo, e unghiate le mani:
Graffia gli spirti, gli scuoja, ed isquatra.'
See also C. 5, 84. C. 7, 13, and 126. C. 10, 81, &c. &c.

'Cerberus, cruel monster, fierce and strange,
Through his wide three-fold throat barks as a dog
Over the multitude immers'd beneath.
His eyes glare crimson, black his unctuous beard,
His belly large, and claw'd the hands, with which
He tears the spirits, flogs them, and their limbs
Piecemeal disparts.'

The concentrated diction, and antique simplicity of the venerable author, are happily transferred by a judicious choice of blank verse, the measure best suited in English to a poem of so grave a cast: blank verse of the Miltonic stamp, learnedly musical, more abundant in the strength and spirit of its melodies, than in polished smoothness, and mellifluous cadences. The abruptness of the original, and somewhat of that which Tiraboschi, with too much of Italian delicacy, calls an '*insofferibil durezza*,' are to be found in the English version, and both Dante and his translator, it will be thought by many,

'Tienen ancor del monte e del macigno.'

'Still *smack* of their rough mountain flint.' c. 15, 63.

We are aware of Dr. Johnson's decree in a similar case. 'The translator is to exhibit his author's thoughts in such a dress of diction as the author would have given them, had his language been English; *rugged magnificence* is not to be

softened: hyperbolical ostentation is not to be repressed, nor sententious affectation to have its points blunted. A translator is to be like his author: it is not his business to excel him.' *(Life of Dryden.)* Under cover of such a decision this translation might find itself completely shielded. But with all due deference to so great an authority, we scarcely think it possible for a translator to give a general adequate resemblance, unless he excel in parts: when his author has left him far behind in one place, he must endeavour to save his distance by gaining upon him in another. The negligences which are lost amid the splendor and ease of the original, must become much more conspicuous, and consequently will obtain much less indulgence at second hand, where the same freedom and vivacity of execution are scarcely attainable by the powers of the artist. The rigid exactness with which Mr. Cary has adhered to the very words of the text and their collocation, has at times imposed a degree of restraint and hardness of construction upon his version. [C. 2, 96, is obscure both in the text and the translation.] Into this he was probably led by the example of Milton, whom he has in several passages as closely imitated, as Milton before him imitated Dante. The marks of imitation are very discernible in the following passages—

'Temp-era dal principio del mattino:
E'l sol montava 'n su, con quelle stelle,
Ch' eran con lui, quand 'l amor divino
Mosse da prima quelle cose belle,
Si ch' a bene sperar m'era cagione
Di quella fera la gajetta pelle,
L'ora del tempo, e la dolce stagione.' C. 1, 37.

'The hour was morning's prime, and on his way
Aloft the sun ascended with those stars
That with him rose, when love divine first mov'd
Those its fair works: so that with joyous hope
All things conspired to fill me, the gay skin
Of that swift animal, the matin dawn
And the sweet season.

'Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun of this great world, both eye and soul
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course; both when thou climb'st
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.'
P. L. b. 5, 166.

'Lo giorno se n'andava, e l'aer bruno
To glieva gli animai, che sono 'n terra,
D'alle fatiche loro.' C. 2, 1.

'Now was the day departing, and the air
Imbrown'd with shadows, from their toils releas'd
All animals on earth.'

'Where the unpierc'd shade
Imbrown'd the noontide bowers.' P. L. b. 4, 245.

'Per altravia mi mena 'l savio duca,
Fuor della queta, nell' aura che trema:
E vengo in parte, ove non è, che luca.' C. 4, 149.

'Another way
My sage guide leads me, from that air serene,
Into a climate ever vex'd with storms;
And to a part I come where no light shines.

Save on that side which from the wall of heaven,
Though distant far, some small reflexion gains
Of glimmering air less vex'd with tempest loud.'
P. L. b. 3, 427.

'Thou hast vexed me with all thy storms.' Psalm 88, 6.

There is an evident inequality in the success of Mr. Cary's labours, perhaps in no small degree occasioned by a similar defect in the text: some parts seem to have had originally a much more easy and fortunate passage into English, and shew greater marks of after-care than others, which appear to have come in an evil hour, and to have lain ever since their production in their first rude and unshapen condition.

But all these defects, amounting to but a trifle in the aggregate, both as to quantity and quality, are amply recompensed by a general display of animation, energy, judgment, and taste, by unusual fidelity and uncommon felicity in uniting the languages by pure and appropriate English, and considerable critical knowledge of the Italian, by a diction neither vulgar nor attained without the diligent study of selected models, and by the display of a kindred spirit, and the possession of a correspondent faculty of poetical elocution.

The prefixed life is something meagre: the author seems rather to have anxiously established a few leading facts, than diligently amassed all that could have been collected on so interesting a subject.

The edition is neatly and correctly printed, upon a plan new or uncommon from the English press. Dante has divided his poem into short cantos, and Mr. Cary has annexed

to each separately the notes belonging to it. Different opinions, in this luxurious age of literature, will be entertained of the convenience of this arrangement.

The notes consist of short explanations of allegorical allusions, historical or biographical notices, parallel passages, &c. &c. and convey much entertainment and information. More might be added, and the numerous host of Italian commentators would afford a copious supply of particulars new and interesting to the generality of English readers.

Upon the whole, every encouragement is due to this gentleman in the prosecution of his arduous task. Both the proficient and the novice in Italian literature are under obligations for the specimen he has given of a faithful and spirited translations (in many passages answering the purposes of a commentary) of an author whom he justly characterises "as one of the most sublime and moral, but certainly one of the most obscure writers in any language." And the mere English reader will find, that so far from being totally devoid of interest (the modest hope expressed by Mr. Cary) the subject will forcibly detain his attention by the affections of pity and terror, and the manner of the execution, by merits, which give it indisputably the superiority over every other attempt at transmuting the original into the language of this country.

We subjoin the famous passage from the beginning of c. 3. l. which may fairly for all parties be compared by our readers with the corresponding passage in the versions of Mr. Hayley and Mr. Boyd, to the former of which Mr. Cary will be found to approach perhaps too nearly, though in all probability unconsciously.

"Through me you pass into the city of woe:
Through me you pass into eternal pain:
Through me among the people lost for aye.
Justice the founder of my fabric moved:
To rear me was the task of power divine,
Supremest wisdom, and primeval love.
Before me things create were none, save things
Eternal, and eternal I endure.
All hope abandon ye, who enter here."
Such characters in colour dim I mark'd
Over a portal's lofty arch inscrib'd:
Whereat I thus: "Master, these words import
Hard meaning" He, as one prepar'd, replied:
"Here thou must all distrust behind thee leave:
Here be vile fear extinguish'd. We are come
Where I have told thee we shall see the souls
To misery doom'd, who intellectual good

Have lost." And when his hand he had stretch'd forth
To mine, with pleasant looks, whence I was cheer'd,
Into that secret place he led me on.
Here sighs with lamentations and loud moans
Resounded through the air pierc'd by no star,
That e'en I wept at entering. Various tongues,
Horrible languages, outcries of woe,
Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,
With hands together smote, that swell'd the sounds,
Made up a tumult, that for ever whirls
Round through that air with solid darkness stain'd,
Like to the sand that in the whirlwind flies.'

ART. II.—*Observations on the Poor Laws, and on the Management of the Poor in Great Britain, arising from a Consideration of the Returns now before Parliament. By the Right Hon. George Rose, M. P.* 8vo. *pp.* 44. 1s. 6*d.* London. Hatchard. 1805.

THE intention of the right honourable author, in publishing this pamphlet, is to engage the serious attention of all those who have any means of procuring information upon the subject, to what is truly stated to be one of the most difficult problems of government,—the management of the poor.

The system of poor laws, which, with the alterations suggested by circumstances, has subsisted in England above two centuries, is certainly open to several weighty objections, and has even called forth the unqualified disapprobation of authors of acknowledged ability. We still, however, agree with Mr. Rose, that the system itself, as a theory, is on many accounts intitled to respect, and that its failure in producing all the beneficial effects expected from it, is chiefly to be attributed to the practical defects in carrying the law into execution, and not to substantial error in the principle on which it is founded.

Nothing can be more simple or more rational than the general arrangement made in the reign of Elizabeth. Convinced by experience that the operation of voluntary benevolence was inadequate to the just and necessary relief of meritorious indigence, that unfortunate and deserving objects of charity frequently suffered all the horrors of want, unnoticed and unknown, while the importunities of the idle and profligate levied ill-bestowed contributions upon the generous and humane, provision was made by a fair and equal assessment, under the management and superintendence of respect-

able householders and magistrates, for the relief of the old, the lame, the blind, and the friendless, for repressing idleness, for giving employment to all those who were not incapable of labour, and putting out to be apprentices such children as could not otherwise be maintained or employed. To deny the abstract propriety of such regulations is impossible, but when we are told that a sum not less than 4,267,000l. is annually expended on account of the poor, of which near 200,000l. is spent in law-suits; that workhouses are the nurseries of vice; that the labour of the poor is totally unproductive, or rather all attempts to employ them altogether abortive; it must be confessed there is reasonable ground of suspicion, that the system is radically bad, that it has been wickedly perverted, or ignorantly and negligently carried into execution. Notwithstanding, however, the many and great defects attached to the practical operation of the poor laws, we cannot hesitate in agreeing with the right honourable author, that it would be unwise and impolitic hastily to repeal and abandon the whole system, and leave so important a department of political economy open to the effects of partial or fortuitous measures, or the no less precarious influence of new experiments or wild speculations.

That compulsory rates for the maintenance of the poor are altogether unnecessary, and that every beneficial effect may be produced by the voluntary contributions of the rich and generous, are favourite and plausible topics of declamation; and the law and practice in other parts of the united kingdom have been repeatedly brought forward in support of such propositions.

The opinions generally entertained upon this subject, as far as regards Scotland, Mr. Rose states to be altogether erroneous. In opposition to the unqualified remarks of Mr. Malthus and Sir F. Eden, he is so far correct; but the short account he gives of the information he has received on this head, affords but a very indistinct view of the comparative condition and management of the poor in the respective countries, and no apology appears requisite for attempting to elucidate this subject by the introduction of the following facts and observations.

It is certainly true that, contrary to the generally received opinion, there is a striking coincidence between the statute law of England and Scotland, relative to the management of the poor. Some acts were passed in England for the punishment of vagabonds, and regulation of beggars, in the reigns of Edward III. Richard II. and Henry VII. in the years 1349, 1388, and 1494. In the reign of Henry VIII. in the

years 1530 and 1535, justices of the peace were authorized to grant licenses to the poor and aged to beg, and vagabonds were subjected to severe punishment. In Scotland, so early as the year 1424, sheriffs and baillies of burghs are invested with similar authority.

The same regulations, with additions, are enacted in 1457, 1503, and 1535. In the time of Edward VI. 1549 and 1552, some improvements and alterations take place. The same occurs in Scotland by an act of 1551. The present system of assessment, and the appointment of overseers first arose in the reign of Elizabeth, 1572. The very same plan is adopted in Scotland by the act of 1579. It is further improved and completed in England in 1576, 1597, and 1601. Additional acts are also passed in Scotland in 1592, 1597, and 1600, containing a most important regulation, which will presently give rise to some observations, that the execution of the act is intrusted to the kirk-session in every parish, under the superintendence of the presbytery. It is unnecessary to take notice of the long list of statutes which have since passed in England, with a view to obviate the increasing difficulties that have obstructed the operation of the original system. No alteration of consequence has taken place in Scotland. It may only be proper to observe that the first partial creation of workhouses took place in England in 1662, and an act for the establishment of correction-houses was passed in Scotland in 1672. We shall now take the liberty of throwing out a few hints as to the causes of the manifest difference between the situation and management of the poor in the two countries. The general law is to this moment in principle the same in both. In England, however, it at first gradually, and of late years most rapidly, has given rise to an enormously expensive and inefficient establishment; while in Scotland, from better fortune or superior management, the poor are, at little expence, comfortably provided for, and the original compulsory law hardly known. The chief defects of the English system, as at present in practice, are evidently defects of management, and are more or less to be attributed to the nature of the appointment and the conduct of parish officers, to the laws of settlement and removal, to the mode of giving relief, to the absolute want of, or casual and negligent education of the poor, and to the erroneous impressions which the system in general has made upon the minds of the public, and particularly upon those unfortunate beings whom it is intended to protect and relieve. The offices of churchwarden and overseer are annual; they are generally assumed with reluctance, and

independently of the pleasure of exercising a little brief authority, the individuals upon whom the task is imposed are glad to get rid of it on as easy terms as possible. Improvements suggested by humanity or economy are seldom attempted. Surrounded with difficulties, and harassed by disputes and law-suits, the most intelligent and best disposed officers have no encouragement, during the short period they retain their situations, to propose amendments, much less to carry into execution any permanent plan of improvement. In Scotland, on the contrary, the management of the poor has been intrusted to the kirk-sessions, a select body of men, holding their offices for life, remarkable, generally speaking, for their superior respectability and exemplary conduct, treated with universal respect in the parish, and exercising their functions with mildness and paternal beneficence.

The laws of settlement and removal, too, in England, though well intended, have been productive of most mischievous consequences. They formed no part of the original plan, and the statutes on which they are founded have given rise to more legal discussion than those on any other subject whatever, exclusive of the severity with which the miserable poor are treated in the care of parishes contending, it may truly be said, for the punishment and not for the relief of the unfortunate sufferers. No such compulsory law exists in Scotland: strictly speaking, a pauper may in some cases be removed, but humanity and the true principles of charity forbid it. Where a reasonable claim is advanced, it is attended to; money is more easily transported than the persons who stand in need of it, and shame and ignominy are avoided.

The mode of giving relief is also a subject of the utmost importance. It clearly appears from the returns now before parliament, that the relief given to those *in* workhouses, costs the public about four times as much per head as what is bestowed on the poor *out of* workhouses. For this reason alone, and others which we have not leisure to enlarge upon, Mr. Rose is unquestionably justified in throwing out the hint, that the 9th of Geo. I. demands revision, and ought to be repealed or materially altered. Even as to those who are not in workhouses, we are afraid that sufficient attention is not paid to the varying circumstances of the paupers; nor can it well be expected. Generally speaking, one half of the time of the overseers, while in office, is occupied in collecting arrears of former rates, and attending generally to their accounts. There is neither time nor opportunity to become

acquainted with the conduct and real wants of those who make applications. The relief not being received as a matter of charity, but rather claimed as a right, the worthy and unworthy are too commonly confounded in one mass; the modest and unassuming become the most destitute, while large sums are improvidently bestowed to the encouragement of idleness, insolence, and profligacy. In Scotland, as has already been remarked, the business is in the hands of the kirk-session, of which the minister is moderator or chairman. From the permanent nature of their office, from the character they have to support as the superintendants of the moral and religious conduct of the parishioners, from custom, and from a strong sense of duty, they became intimately acquainted with the actual condition and merits of the poor; the relief given is privately bestowed with discriminating care, the full beneficial effect is economically produced, idleness becomes a reproach, and where admonition fails, the vicious and profligate are restrained and punished by the hand of the civil power, as expediency or necessity may require. A circumstance which greatly facilitates this laudable arrangement, is the manner in which the poor's fund is chiefly raised. Unfortunately, in England, it would appear that soon after the introduction of general assessments, the poor's rate, instead of being resorted to as a necessary aid to supply the deficiency of voluntary contributions, totally superseded them, and except for partial and special purposes, collections for the poor are not in use. In Scotland, on the contrary, the old charitable system of regular collections at the church doors was never abandoned; it has uniformly been recommended and encouraged by the clergy in their respective parishes; almost every individual cheerfully contributes his mite, not considering it as a burden, but the performance of an agreeable christian duty, with a full conviction of the useful and faithful application of the fund. From the prudent management already alluded to, the money so raised, which has increased in amount with the improving state of the country, has been the chief, and in many parishes, the only necessary means of procuring adequate relief for the proper and truly unfortunate objects of charitable compassion. Whether the supposed introduction of different habits and sentiments arising from the progressive improvement in manufactures and commerce, may break in upon the present practice, increase the number of poor, and render the aid of compulsory measures more or less necessary, is a question which involves most important considerations. Alterations of a moral or political tendency de-

serve at all times to be watched with scrupulous attention; but in any probable stage of society, as far as relates to the management of the poor, it must be acknowledged that voluntary contributions, economically managed, and aided when necessary by compulsory rates, must claim a decided superiority over the almost exclusive operation of heavy assessments, levied with difficulty, and negligently and improvidently distributed.

With respect to the education of the poor, much remains to be done. It is frequently remarked that the poor have nothing to do with learning. If it be merely meant that liberal studies are inconsistent with the exercise of menial and laborious occupations, the observation is well founded; but it is equally true that moral and religious instruction, together with a degree of useful information, adapted to the different conditions and pursuits of each class in the community, will uniformly have a corresponding good effect on the mind and conduct of a rational being. The superior advantages which have been enjoyed in Scotland in this respect, have been long acknowledged. The early establishment of parochial schools, where it has been usual for the children even of the poorest class, to receive instruction at the small expense of one penny per week, the admonitions and periodical visits and examinations of the clergy, and the shame and reproach attached to those who are ignorant of their catechism, or cannot read their Bible, have unquestionably raised the character, and improved the condition, of the lower orders in Scotland, have arrested the progress of vice and idleness, and have rendered the maintenance and management of the poor a comparatively easy task, and a work of real benevolence.

The general impression upon the public mind is of material consequence, in carrying into execution the laws respecting the poor. It is much to be regretted, that in England, charity, kindness, and compassion are hardly known or acknowledged to form any part of the system. The poor's rate, instead of being considered as a necessary and charitable fund to sooth affliction, and administer relief to the unfortunate, is in general estimation supposed to be an enormous and unreasonable tax, capriciously imposed, reluctantly paid, or rigorously extorted. The poor themselves feel no proper anxiety to use the means which may prevent them from becoming chargeable to the parish; they demand assistance as a right, receive it without gratitude, and use stratagem and imposition to increase their allowance. In Scotland, there is a laudable reluctance to become, or to be

known as, the objects of charity on the books of the session; the money is raised in the true spirit of charity, and not felt as a burden; it is bestowed with pleasure, and received with humility and thankfulness.

Such are the distinguishing features in the management of the poor in England and Scotland. We have, of course, been able only to present a faint outline of the subject, sufficient, however, to give a more distinct view of it, than can be collected from the few observations to be found in the pamphlet before us. Upon this, indeed, as well as upon other points alluded to by the right honourable author, his object is to excite the attention and labours of others, rather than to enter into an ample discussion of the subject himself. We are happy to observe, from such authority, that the system is likely to undergo a full and careful examination in parliament, perfectly satisfied, that under favourable auspices, many objections may be done away, and considerable improvements gradually introduced, without the danger of a total repeal of the existing laws, and without having recourse to new and uncertain experiments.

ART. III.—*Considerations on the General Conditions of the Christian Covenant; with a View to some important Controversies. By Joseph Holden Pott, A. M. Archdeacon of St. Alban's. Second Edition.* 8vo. *pp.* 136. Rivingtons. 1805.

ΑΛΗΘΕΥΕΙΝ ΕΝ ΑΓΑΠΗΙ, to speak the truth in love, seems to be the honourable principle by which the Rev. Archdeacon has been actuated in the composition of this very respectable pamphlet. It is written with a truly charitable and christian temper and moderation, well calculated to conciliate the esteem of the most inveterate adversary; and forming but too striking a contrast with the impatience and intolerance which have appeared so often on both sides of the controversy to which these considerations refer.

The general design of this tract is stated by its author in the following manner:

'It will now suffice once more to declare, that it is the purpose of the foregoing pages, to set forth with entire sincerity the grand doctrines of the fall and ruin of man's nature; of the one sufficient sacrifice for sin; of the needful influences and efficacy of divine grace, in every period of the christian life; of justification by faith, by faith alone, as that term generally taken describes the whole method of acceptance for Christ's only sake, distinguishing the covenant of

grace from that of works; or as that term more narrowly restrained respects the faith of individuals as a special instrument in receiving what is freely given; or as that term describes the leading principle of the christian service.* But it has been the author's purpose also to shew that in all respects these doctrines include and imply the general conditions of the gospel, which are constantly required from those to whom the free gift of salvation is proposed, becoming thus the real ground of their probation.

'It has further been a main design of these pages to shew that such distinctive doctrines, with every fundamental article of faith and practice with relation to our access to the Father, through the Son, and by the Holy Ghost, and with regard to every necessary rule of holiness, stand apart from some particulars of tenet and opinion which, whether true or false, may be interwoven with them, or detached from them; as indeed they have been by very many both before and since the reformation. A real bond of union therefore subsists still, though too often industriously overlooked between those who contend together; and on that solid ground there should subsist a mutual friendship, and a strict forbearance from all misplaced and injurious censures. Let men on either side consider what would be the consequence if they could succeed in forcing their opinions on the public standard. The result must be, what every good man ought to deprecate, and what the public wisdom of our church has carefully precluded, needless and yet inevitable separation.'

In pursuance of these views, Mr. Pott commences his considerations with producing those passages of the New Testament which appear to him to justify and to demand the use of the term *condition* in reference to the christian covenant. After establishing this part of his argument to his own satisfaction, but we fear, in a way somewhat too concise and general to content the opposite party, he proceeds to shew, and we think with virtue, truth, and justice on his side, that the doctrine of conditions is perfectly in consonance with the most implicit belief, and explicit avowal of the grand gospel principle of our justification by faith, in every sense of those words which is deduceable from scripture, or countenanced by the authority of the church of England.

In like manner he applies this test of the gospel conditions of repentance, faith, and obedience to the scriptural doctrines of election and of assurance, and shews that he who maintains the necessity of those christian graces as *conditions* properly so called, may yet, with the sincerest good

* Upon which view of the matter, see two excellent Discourses of Bp. Sherlock. Serm. XIV. in 2 parts.

faith, and agreeably to the soundest and strictest principles of religion and argument, avow his belief that man's salvation is by grace only, and that every good and perfect gift cometh down from the Father of lights.

Towards the conclusion, the respectable author thus apologizes for having permitted himself to be seduced into this controversy.

'Suffice it now to remark, that if an apology be requisite for having departed in these pages from the salutary rules which the pious prelate lays down in the passage above cited, it must be collected from the necessity of meeting those assertions in which the Sum of Christianity is placed in nice opinions which stand apart from the main Articles of the Christian Creed, and from the common rules of Christian duty.

'What course can they pursue who dislike the themes of controversy, and particularly disapprove them in the exercise of public teaching, where they serve to engender strife, and to divide men's minds? What course can they take who love and esteem every zealous servant of the Lord for his work's sake, and are ready to bear with such as differ from them, to rejoice in all the good they do, and to concur with them in the joint labours of the same ministry, but are unwilling to be cast out from all part and lot in the matter for the sake only of such differences? Must they sit still when many an effort is made to withdraw the hearts of those committed to their pastoral care, and to depreciate their instructions? Must they silently permit themselves to be held out to the world as men who are either ignorant of Gospel truths, or averse from all sound doctrine.

'Are they the doctrines of the reformation which are called in question? By no means. The same differences which exist among us, exist in that church whose errors have been cast out so happily from our communion. The Dominican and Franciscan, and more recently the Jansenist and Jesuit, have the same variance between themselves which we have. It is the old dust of the schools which still makes the cloud in which the scuffle is prolonged. It would perhaps abate the zeal of some for such venturous speculations, if they would consider from what sources they have been chiefly drawn, and how little benefit is likely now to follow from reviving those intricate and endless subtleties, and confounding them with the necessary grounds of Christian faith.'

A considerable quantity of notes or short dissertations is subjoined, exceeding the body of the work in extent, and we think in value also. In the Considerations themselves, though we have perused them with great attention, we are not sure that we are always masters of the writer's argument, and are inclined to think that it might be aided and relieved by a few additional touches, to render it in some parts more

clear, definite and explicit. In the notes indeed, we meet with some assistance: and several additional particulars are there exceedingly well and happily disputed and illustrated. The reader will find many very valuable observations on several subjects nearly connected with the principal question. Such are those to shew that justification by faith and by grace are to be regarded as equivalent expressions; those which respect the reconciling of St. Paul and St. James; in what sense it is true, that good works are *signs* or *evidences* of faith; those which relate to the expression 'justification before God,' and to the term '*second* justification;' that justification implies more than pardon; in what sense the doctrine of imputation is true and scriptural; the metaphorical illustration of the tree and its fruits; the different acceptations of faith; in what particulars the protestant and popish theories of justification agree, and where they differ; the doctrine of præterition and some others. On all these particulars, this pamphlet contains such observations as constitute it one of the best productions which have appeared from the ranks of those who are anxious to oppose and repress the pretensions and efforts of certain men, who have succeeded pretty well in disturbing the peace of the church under the appellation of Calvinists, and some other names which ought equally to have been avoided and disclaimed by themselves, and are to be deprecated and deplored by every sincere christian.

ART. IV.—*Gifford's Massinger. (Concluded from* P. 77.)

MASSINGER may be considered by all our readers as a revived author, and to most of them we believe he will be a new one. Let us therefore endeavour to do him justice by calling the attention of the public, and we wish we might hope of the stage,* (though the Reynoldses, Mortons, and Dibdins of the day should attempt to drown our humble expostulations in their discordant clamour), to the various excellencies of his dramatic plots, of his skill in rhythmical modulation, of his ably delineated, and adroitly supported characters. Let us be ashamed to possess such native treasures, and to neglect them any longer for the unnatural spawn of monster-breeding Germany, or the philtered drivel of licentious France.

To begin with the 'Virgin Martyr.' This is not one of

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* Mr. Kemble has made some laudable, but unsuccessful attempts to bring this much injured and neglected author into notice.

Massinger's most happy efforts. Yet there are very beautiful passages in it, as the following, from the speech of Dorothea, when under the torture, will amply testify.

> 'Thou fool!
> That gloriest in having power to ravish
> A trifle from me I am weary of,
> What is this life to me?—not worth a thought;
> Or if it be esteem'd, 'tis that I lose it
> To win a better: even thy malice serves
> To me but as a ladder to mount up
> To such a height of happiness, where I shall
> Look down with scorn on thee, and on the world;
> Where circled with true pleasures, placed above
> The reach of death or time, 'twill be my glory,
> To think at what an easy price I bought it.
> There's a perpetual spring, perpetual youth,
> No joint-benumbing cold, or scorching heat,
> Famine, nor age, have any being there,' &c. &c.

But the refinement of modern taste would be shocked at the appearance of an evil spirit on the stage, in the character of a secretary to a zealous persecutor of the christians in the reign of Dioclesian, and of an angel as a page to the Virgin Martyr. Yet we can tolerate Mr. Lewis's ghosts, and the still more unnatural men and women who nightly walk the stage as real personages, and such as are to be found in ordinary life! The remarks of Dr. Ireland upon the play of the 'Virgin Martyr' are, we think, extremely sensible, and his analysis of the characters, and the due applause that he allots to the poet's management of each, entitles him to the honours of sound and judicious criticism. But we cannot agree with him in his approbation of one trifling incident in the piece, which is the mission of Angelo to Theophilus with the basket of sacred fruit and flowers. However just and beautiful in language the allegory of fruit and flowers, as applied to the joys of heaven, may be, yet we cannot help being struck with the impropriety of introducing 'apples from heaven' into the business of the scene. If the lobby in Massinger's days was haunted by the numerous *votaries of Pomona** that now infest it, the minds of the audience must have been recalled to 'fine China oranges, and a bill of the play,' in the part of the Virgin Martyr. Neither has Mr. Gifford perfectly satisfied us in his remarks upon this play; where, in one of his too

* This phrase belongs to a modern novel writer. We claim no credit from it.

frequently enjoyed triumphs over the *oscitancy* (a conceited word) of Mr. Monck Mason, about whom no body cares one farthing, he does not allow that editor the common credit of having made perhaps a very obvious, but certainly a very just observation, upon the vast inferiority of Massinger's supernatural agents compared with those of Shakespeare, in point of that indescribable air of wildness which alone can interest us in the appearance of miraculous beings on the stage. The latter could give a strange reality of existence to fairies and to witches; but Massinger, with angels and devils to set at work, has made them walking gentlemen till the conclusion of his play, when in the glorious vision of the beatified Dorothea, and in the undaunted firmness of Theophilus under his tortures (although by the way we think his conversion rather too sudden) he rises into a very noble strain of enthusiasm and sublimity.

The comic scenes of this, and we may here take occasion to observe, of the generality of these plays, are fortunately so dull as to prevent any feeling but disgust in the perusal of their obscenity. This was the vice of the age, but no temporary customs or manners can excuse the violation of an eternal duty; fortunately for Massinger, he has not this crime to answer for, although he is too often guilty of similar offences. Decker was the author of these impurities, which appear more gross as contrasted with the exalted strain of piety displayed by Massinger in this very drama; and more extraordinary, as Decker himself was capable of writing some exceedingly beautiful scenes in it, intermixed with the rank odour of others of his composition. It is probable indeed that most of the comedy (as it must be misnamed, to distinguish it from the tragical parts of Massinger's plays) was written by some one or other of his numerous coadjutors. He had no pretensions to wit in the sense of lively repartee; though he had the greatest claims to humour, in the sense of natural delineation of comic character.

The 'Unnatural Combat,' from the horror of its subject, which involves an incestuous passion, and the slaughter of a son by his father, though it was acted by the 'king's majesty's servants at the Globe,' would not, we think, be presented with much success on the boards of Drury Lane or Covent Garden. The young Roscius indeed, might perform Malefort junior; and there would be one advantage in the early death of the character, that the unnatural absurdity of a boy sustaining the part of a man, would be sooner removed from the sight of the insulted spectators.

But, as Dr. Ireland well observes,—'This piece is not to

be considered so much in its plot, as in its characters: and these are drawn with great force and admirable discrimination. The pity felt at first for old Malefort is soon changed into horror and detestation; while the dread inspired by the son is somewhat relieved by the suspicion that he avenges the cause of a murdered mother. Their parley is as terrible as their combat; and they encounter with a fury of passion and a deadliness of hatred approaching to savage nature.'

Our readers will perceive that we talk to them of these plays as to persons acquainted with Massinger; we wish them to become so, from a conviction that they will receive great entertainment from his works; and by these scattered intimations of the powerful style of writing which they will find both in the poet and his commentators, we are endeavouring to excite their curiosity, and to lead them insensibly into studies which will fully repay the application of their leisure hours.

'The Unnatural Combat,' although we agree with Mr. Gifford, in opposition to the sentiments expressed concerning this play in the Biographia Dramatica, that it is not adapted to theatrical representation, will yet, from the mysterious anticipation of some unknown evil that pervades the opening scenes, and forcibly chains down our attention to the gradual developement of the extraordinary plot, ever be a favourite in the closet with all lovers of high-wrought passion, and of wonderful catastrophe. Surely the following short passage will induce our readers to the perusal of that which is so infinitely superior to any thing we can offer to their notice. They will perceive the original of Milton's 'Horror plum'd.' Just at the moment that the son and father are going to engage, the old man exclaims,

> 'Who trained thee up in arms but I? who taught thee
> Men were men only, when they durst look down
> With scorn on death and danger, and contemn'd
> All opposition, till *plumed victory*
> *Had made her constant stand upon their helmets?*
> Under my shield thou hast fought as securely
> As the young eaglet, cover'd with the wings
> Of her fierce dam, learns how and where to prey.
> All that is manly in thee I call mine:
> But what is weak and womanish, thine own.'

'The Duke of Milan' is a sublime exertion of poetical ability; what but the most ardent imagination (for history has little to do with this play, except that it awakens our attention to the opening) could have conceived such a scene

as the third of the first act? Sforza sits in state with his beloved Marcelia at his side, 'the mistress of the feast,' and does honour to her birthday. A courier arrives from Pavia, where the armies of Charles the Fifth and Francis the First are about to engage. Sforza is the ally of Francis, and of course stands or falls with him; but Sforza is absorbed in love, and after a moment's anxiety, which Marcelia interrupts most gently and affectionately, he throws away the letter, and bursts forth:

> 'Out of my sight!
> And all thoughts that may strangle mirth, forsake me.*
> Fall what can fall, I dare the worst of fate:
> Though the foundation of the earth should shrink,
> The glorious eye of heaven lose his splendour,
> Supported thus, I'll stand upon the ruins,
> And seek for new life here. Why are you sad?
> No other sports! by heaven, he's not my friend,
> Who wears one furrow in his face. I was told
> There was a mask.' &c.
>
> Si fractus illabatur orbis, &c. &c.

Then, when another courier enters—But we will not anticipate the pleasure of our readers.

Dr. Ireland concludes his observations upon this play in a manner worthy of his character as a divine and a critic. Indeed he seldom fails to unite the offices of both, in his pious as well as acute remarks, upon the particular moral to be drawn from the actions and the destinies of Massinger's most exquisitely managed characters. We are glad he has done so; for although St. Chrysostom always went to bed with an Aristophanes, and endangered the safety of his family by a nightly perusal of the 'Frogs,' yet in this carping age, some surly censor of the amusements of the clergy might have objected to a Reverend Doctor's turning theatrical commentator, had he not taken care to mix religious advice with critical observation.

We are so far from harbouring such an objection, that we think Dr. Ireland by such an appropriation of his *subcisiva tempora*, not neglecting, as we are confident he has not, his paramount duties, has consulted at least the entertainment of the world in general, much more than he would have done by

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* Mr. Gifford has well answered the cavils and the alterations of our modern editors of ancient poetry:

> 'Our ancestors did not count their syllables on their fingers.'

favouring it with a translation of the works of the eloquent Bishop of Cæsarea.

The story of the 'Bondman' is founded on the Life of Timoleon the Corinthian, as recorded by Plutarch. The revolt and subsequent reduction of the slaves to their duty is taken from Herodotus, or more probably from Justin, or indeed Purchas (in his Pilgrims), as all these last mentioned authors repeat the tale. The tale, however, more especially the catastrophe, is trifling enough, and does little honour to those who invented, or those who adopted it; but the beautiful episode founded upon it, and which is Massinger's own, is an inimitable piece of art.

So far, or nearly so far, Mr. Gifford. We will add that we wish to see the Bondman again upon the stage; and the caprice of the public, who heard it with listless ears in 1779, may, for aught we know to the contrary, be delighted with it in 1805.

According to our plan of recommending each play to notice by the selection of some beautiful and striking passage, and from a wish of proving our assertion respecting the excellence of Massinger's versification, we shall present our readers with an extract from the Bondman. It is a speech, as Mr. Gifford truly says, in which 'the rhythm is so perfect, that it drops on the ear like the sweetest melody.'

Two lovers are upon the point of parting. Leosthenes trembles for the constancy of Cleora in his absence. She resents his jealousy.—

Cleora.—'Can you think
I may be tempted?'

Leosthenes.—'You were never proved.
For me, I have conversed with you no further,
Than would become a brother. I ne'er tuned
Loose notes to your chaste ears; or brought rich presents
For my artillery, to batter down
The fortress of your honour; nor endeavour'd
To make your blood run high at solemn feasts
With viands that provoke the speeding philtres:
I work'd no bawds to tempt you; never practised
The cunning and corrupting arts they study,
That wander in the wild maze of desire;
Honest simplicity and truth were all
The agents I employ'd; and when I came
To see you, it was with that reverence,
As I beheld the altars of the gods:
And love, that came along with me, was taught
To leave his arrows and his torch behind,
Quench'd in my fear to give offence.'

We cannot refrain from extending this extract a few lines further.

Cleora.—'And 'twas
That modesty that took me, and preserves me,
Like a fresh rose, in mine own natural sweetness;
Which, sullied with the touch of impure hands,
Loses both scent and beauty.'

(Sic virgo, dum intacta manet, &c.)

Leosthenes—'But, Cleora,
'When I am absent, as I must go from you,' &c. &c.

This is the mixture of description and of pathos that constitutes the true beauty of dramatic poetry. Where shall we find, in the strict observance of the unities, or in the classical chorus, such delightful tenderness, such honest genuine feeling, as pervades the pages of Shakespeare and of Massinger, and the other ancient glories of this land of poetry?

Concerning the plot of the Bondman, we may observe, with Dr. Ireland, that Massinger never writes with more effect than when he combines his own fancy with somewhat of real history. In this case the reader will not expect that the history should proceed in a regular order, or without the admission of foreign incidents, or that it should maintain to the end the commanding interest with which it begins. It is enough for Massinger if he can secure attention at the outset, through the remembrance of some important event, and if, under cover of this, he can prepare the part which imagination is to supply. It is on these principles that he has proceeded in the Bondman, and produced a piece which, with a few exceptions, is at once stately and playful, impressive and tender. He matures the love under cover of the history; till at length the interest changes, and the history becomes subordinate to the love. But we must check ourselves, or we shall run on to tediousness in these remarks; only let us ask our modern playwrights, in which of their dramas will they point out such management as has been shewn in the conduct of the above story?

'The language and ideas of the "Renegado," (says Mr. Gifford) 'are strictly catholic,' notwithstanding which it seems to have been a favourite with the public, 'and notwithstanding which the author may have been a protestant. At least we cannot allow the truth of the contrary to be established merely by internal evidence of such a nature: Mr. Gifford indeed only contends for the probability of the circumstance.

The different effects of remorse upon differently constituted

minds are admirably pourtrayed in this play. The recovery of the tender, but misguided Vitelli, is of a gentle nature; the pangs of repentance are violent in the bosom of the vindictive, licentious, and atheistical Renegado. Hear the workings of his guilty conscience in the following impressive lines.

Enter GRIMALDI *with a book*, (i. e. *the Bible.*)

Grimaldi.—'For theft, he that restores treble the value,
Makes satisfaction; and, for want of means
To do so, as a slave, must serve it out,
'Till he hath made full payment. There's hope left here.
Oh! with what willingness would I give up
My liberty to those that I have pillaged;
And wish the number of my years, though wasted
In the most sordid slavery, might equal
The rapines I have made; till with one voice
My patient sufferings might exact from my
Most cruel creditors a full remission,
An eye's loss with an eye, limb's with a limb,
A sad account! yet to find peace within here.'

Dr. Ireland dismisses his readers, at the conclusion of the Renegado, with a most salutary admonition.

'The chief lesson to be drawn from this play, is to be on our guard against *vicious habits*. Gross sins make repentance a terror. The return to duty is most easy and consoling, when the departure from it has been neither long nor wilful:

'Breve sid quod turpiter audes.'

The 'Parliament of Love,' which, as we have already mentioned, is only to be found in this edition of Massinger, is a most delightful fragment. Mr. Gifford has much merit in recovering it from the mouldering and imperfect state of the manuscript lent him by Mr. Malone. The plot is founded upon those celebrated courts, or Parliaments of Love, said to have been holden in France during the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, for the discussion of amorous questions, and the distribution of rewards and punishments among faithful and perfidious lovers. The origin of these institutions is due to the lively imagination of the Troubadours; but whoever wishes more perfect information upon so curious a subject, must make interest with the Rev. R. Nares, for a sight of the curious old volume called 'Arresta Amorum,' or 'Arrets d'Amour,' with a perusal of which he favoured Mr. Gifford; who indeed calls it an elaborate piece of foolery, and says he read it with equal wearisomeness and disgust.

Charles VIII. sate upon the throne of France at the period in which the supposed events of Massinger's drama took place. He was the gayest monarch of that gay nation; fond of masks, revels, dances, and the society of the ladies, to a culpable degree. He thus opens this extraordinary parliament:

Charles.—'Our thanks to all.
But wherefore come you in divided troops?
As if the mistresses would not accept
Their servants' guardship, or the servants, slighted,
Refuse to offer it? You all wear sad looks;
On Perigot appears not that blunt mirth,
Which his face used to promise; on Montrose,
There hangs a heavy dullness; Cleremond
Droops even to death; and Clarindore hath lost
Much of his sharpness: nay, these ladies too,
Whose sparkling eyes did use to fix the court
With various inventions of delight,
Part with their splendour. What's the cause? From whence
Proceeds this alteration?'

Can there be any thing more natural, simple, sprightly, flowery, and elegant than this speech? Indeed the perfect novelty and rare merit of this piece recommend it to an uncommon share of notice.

The plot of the 'Great Duke of Florence' is raised on the slight materials afforded by our old chroniclers in the life of Edgar, materials which we have since seen worked up by Mr. Mason into the beautiful drama of Elfrida. It is impossible not to be charmed with the manner in which this play is written. The style is worthy of the most polished stage. It neither descends to meanness, nor affects a blustering magnificence, but preserves an easy elevation, and a mild dignity, and affords an excellent model for the transaction of dramatic business between persons of high rank and refined education.

Giovanni, the nephew of the duke, falls in love with the daughter of his tutor. He thus laments his high birth as an obstacle to the success of his attachment.

Giovanni.—'Greatness, with private men
Esteem'd a blessing, is to me a curse;
And we, whom, for our high births, they conclude
The only freemen, are the only slaves.
Happy the golden mean! Had I been born
In a poor sordid cottage, not nurs'd up
With expectation to command a court,

I might, like such of your condition, sweetest,
Have ta'en a safe and middle course, and not,
As I am now, against my choice, compell'd
Or to lie grov'ling on the earth, or raised
So high upon the pinnacles of state,
That I must either keep my height with danger,
Or fall with certain ruin.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

'For, had I been your equal,
I might have seen and liked with my own eyes,
And not, as now, with others'; I might still,
And without observation or envy,
As I have done, continued my delights
With you, that are alone, in my esteem,
The abstract of society; we might walk
In solitary groves, or in choice gardens;
From the variety of curious flowers
Contemplate nature's workmanship and wonders:
And then, for change, near to the murmur of
Some bubbling fountain, I might hear you sing,
And from the well tuned accents of your tongue,
In my imagination conceive
With what melodious harmony a quire
Of angels sing above their Maker's praises!

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

'And all this I must part from.'

We will here appeal to our readers and ask them if they can in their imagination conceive more melodious harmony, or more chaste feeling even in a lover's bosom, than the above?

Having now, we hope, beyond a controversy, established our general assertions of Massinger's excellencies, we will not too closely pursue our first plan, or tire our readers with too many quotations. In the 'Roman Actor' we shall only say that the defence of his profession by Paris is a most noble and animated passage; that the episodes, which in themselves we cannot allow with Mr. Mason to be tedious, all contribute to the plot, and display marks of Massinger's usual dexterity. Let us here take notice of an ingenious observation of Dr. Ireland's, which we omitted in our review of his remarks upon the Bondman. 'Massinger is fond of fulfilling expressions in a sense not intended by the speakers. Timagoras unconsciously says that Pisander was "brought for his sister's service, and Archidamus bids him treat her with particular care and reverence," the very circumstance

which gains her affections. In the Duke of Milan too, Sforza and Marcelia wish that, after a life of unvaried happiness, one grave may receive them; and they are buried together, after she has fallen by his hand. He is fond of reserving some injured person, whose late appearance may justify what has been done, and hasten the conclusion of the plot. He reserves Statilia for the sake of vindicating Pisander, and reminds us of Eugenia, whose wrongs explain the vengeance of Francisco.' Have we not raised an inclination in our readers to enter into the actions of Massinger's characters? They are indeed, as we premised, most ably delineated, and adroitly supported throughout these dramas. The plots too, we must have made to appear interesting, and the versification we have proved to be admirable, which were the three points we undertook to establish.

'The Maid of Honour' is of the higher order of Massinger's plays; nor will it be very easy to find in any writer a subject more animated, or characters more variously and pointedly drawn. There is no delay in introducing the business of the drama; and nothing is allowed to interfere with its progress. Indeed this is by far too rapid; and event is precipitated upon event without regard to time or place. But Massinger acts with a liberty in this respect which it would be absurd to criticise, and in which he is countenanced by all the writers of his age. After Dr. Johnson's defence of Shakespeare upon the same point, the critic will be hardy who shall again retail the dogmas of Aristotle against the opinions of that celebrated preface.

Massinger, as we have already hinted, was not unknown to Milton. There is another proof of it in Father Paulo's speech, scene the last of the Maid of Honour. There is surely a similarity in the cadences, as well as in the measure and solemnity of the thoughts of Il Penseroso, with what follows—

> ' Look on this Maid of Honour, now
> Truly honour'd in her vow
> She pays to heaven: vain delight
> By day, or pleasure of the night
> She no more thinks of: this fair hair
> (Favours for great kings to wear)
> Must now be shorn; her rich array
> Changed into a homely gray.
> The dainties with which she was fed,
> And her proud flesh pampered,
> Must not be tasted; from the spring,
> For wine, cold water will we bring,
> And with fasting mortify
> The feasts of sensuality,' &c. &c. &c.

On many other occasions Milton certainly remembers Massinger, and most frequently in his representations of female purity, and the commanding dignity of virtue. Were we not afraid of sermonizing too much, we would present our readers with Dr. Ireland's excellent practical application of the lesson that arises from the conduct of the principal character of this play.

The fondness which Massinger seems to have felt for 'the Picture,' was not misplaced. The circumstance on which it is founded is indeed sufficiently fantastical, and was disallowed by the philosophy of his own age: but this is no serious hindrance to the effect of the piece. It is distinguished by a peculiar liveliness of fancy, and an intimate knowledge of the heart. It is sportive and tender; it amuses and affects us; and a vein of humour more brisk than usual, relieves the impression of the serious events. Mr. Kemble made an attempt to revive this play; his exertions were discountenanced by an ill-judging public, but he shall have the tribute of our applause. We cannot, however, wonder at the failure of any thing that possesses real merit, on a stage that is occupied by pantomime and farce, and where the chief actor is a child; it matters not how meritorious as a child, as long as there is an evident violation of nature and probability in his supporting the character of a man. We have done our duty, when discussing a theatrical subject, in the repetition of these hopeless sentiments.

There is so much sterling merit in the 'Emperor of the East,' its incidents and characters are so diversified, that the reader is inclined to look over the want of unity in the story itself. The action indeed of a play should be one and entire; or if an episode is introduced, it should be such as contributes to carry on the plot. This, of the three unities, is the only one we think material to be observed. But this reservation being made, we cannot fail to admire the powerful contrast between the chief personages of this splendid drama. Let others decide which is Massinger's best play; we, as in reading Shakespeare, are at a loss to choose a favourite out of so many excellent ones.

We are now come to the 'Fatal Dowry.' The pathetic and interesting scenes of this domestic drama have such irresistible power over the best feelings of the reader, that Rowe determined to avail himself of their excellence, and to form a second tragedy on the same story. How he altered and adapted the events to his own conceptions, is told by Mr. Cumberland with equal elegance and taste in the Observer. Davies and Mr. M. Mason have made clumsy remarks upon this now hacknied subject; but after all that has been said,

Mr. Gifford has stated the comparative merits of the two plays more concisely and more clearly than any other author, and Dr. Ireland has thrown additional light upon the subject, in his pointing of the moral to be drawn from the Fatal Dowry; which, as Mr. G. also observes, is so infinitely superior to that of the Fair Penitent, that while the one is not only very pure but very forcible, the other is little better than a specious apology for adultery. Rowe has lavished the most seducing colours of his eloquence on Lothario, and acted throughout the piece as if he studied to frame an excuse for Calista: whereas Massinger has placed the crime of Beaumelle in an odious and proper light. Beaumelle can have no followers in her guilt: no frail one can urge that she was misled by her example; for Novall has nothing but personal charms, and even in these he is surpassed by Charalois. For the unhappy husband of Calista, Rowe has evinced no consideration; he has, on the contrary, made him 'a whining puppy;' while Massinger has rendered Charalois one of the most interesting characters that was ever produced on the stage.

Beaumelle, who falls a sacrifice, in some measure, to the artifices of her maid, the profligate agent of young Novall, is much superior to Calista. Indeed, the impression which she made on Rowe was so strong, that he named his tragedy after her, and not after the heroine of his own piece. Beaumelle is truly the fair penitent, whereas Calista is neither more nor less than a haughty and abandoned strumpet.

These remarks render it unnecessary to bring any of Mr. Cumberland's in support of our opinion, which is entirely in favour of the original contriver of this fascinating tale. The story indeed takes a much wider range in his hands, than in those of his imitator; and by that means presents a very affecting scene at the opening, where young Charalois is discovered, attended by his friend Romont, (the archetype of Horatio,) waiting with a petition in his hand, to be presented to the judges, when they shall meet, praying, like Cimon, the release of his dead father's body, which had been seized by his creditors, and detained in their hands for debts he had incurred in the public-service as field-marshal of the armies of Burgundy. Massinger, to whose share this part of the tragedy devolved, (for it is a joint production of his and Nathaniel Field's,) has managed this affecting introduction with consummate skill, and has by those means interested us for the events that are to befall his hero in the course of the drama.

But, as Dr. Ireland justly says, although this fine play has obtained more than usual notice from the critics, yet

less has been said of its direct than its relative merits, and the Fatal Dowry has been chiefly studied for the sake of a comparison with the Fair Penitent. Let us pass then with pleasure from this exhausted inquiry, to a great moral, which after all the discussion bestowed upon this play, is as yet fresh and untouched. The critic then continues, 'Charalois slew an offending wife, and the partner of her crime, with his own hand, and was himself slain. Vengeance belongs to heaven; and by the divine will, the administration of it for moral purposes is vested in the laws. To avenge our own cause is to despise the seat of justice, and the order of Providence; and to involve ourselves in guilt and the punishment of it. Virtue must employ only virtuous means in the coercion of vice itself. Her injuries will therefore wait upon the laws; for in the very forms of justice, there is virtue.'

The speech of young Charalois, which, when Dr. Ferriar called it too metaphorical for his situation, in a funeral procession, he should have remarked belonged to Field and not to Massinger, is highly poetical at least, and we hardly know where to draw the line between pathos and description in so tender and beautiful a passage.

'How like a silent stream, shaded with night,
And gliding softly with our windy sighs,
Moves the whole frame of this solemnity!
* * * * *
Whilst I, the only murmur in this grove
Of death, thus hollowly break forth.'

Fatal Dowry, Act II.

But let us hear a little of Massinger himself. When young Charalois offers to become a prisoner for the ransom of his father's body,' although, (he exclaims to his creditors,)

——— 'Although
I know there is no music to your ears
So pleasing as the groans of men in prison,
And that the tears of widows, and the cries
Of famish'd orphans, are the feasts that take you,
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
Yet rather than my father's reverend dust
Shall want a place in that fair monument,
In which our noble ancestors lie intomb'd,
Before the court I offer up myself
A prisoner for it. Load me with those irons
That have worn out his life; in my best strength,

I'll run to the encounter of cold, hunger,
And chuse my dwelling where no sun dares enter,
So he may be releas'd.'—

Such is the hero of Massinger; he disdains all comparison with the snivelling Altamont of Rowe, and still more with his profligate favorite Lothario. Nor let us forget that the one author has boldly thrown events into the course of his action, which the other has related with insipid tameness.

We may cursorily observe, in this place, that there are in this play, and in some of the others, songs introduced, of no merit whatever; they were probably not the composition of Massinger, or even of his coadjutors, but supplied *ad libitum* by the players from their own stores and the bookstalls of the day. They are indeed utterly unworthy of any other origin.

It is unnecessary to say any thing of the 'New Way to pay old Debts.' It is a comedy, which, to the credit of the audience that approve it, is still a favourite on the theatre, and which affords, in the character of Sir Giles Overreach, ample scope for the talents of Mr. Cook. We may, however, just observe, that the popular farce of 'Raising the Wind,' is in its general idea, and in the opening particularly, stolen from this play of Massinger's, as usual, without acknowledgment.

'Of the "City Madam," we agree with Mr. Gifford, that it is not easy to speak in appropriate terms of praise;' but with a stroke of his masterly pen, Dr. Ireland has most happily delineated the chief character, that of Luke Frugal. 'The sufferings from his former profuseness, and perhaps the exhaustion of its pleasures, might well prepare him for future avarice; nor are such changes unfrequent in common life.' Luke's address to his money is so superior a passage, that we feel called upon to consult the amusement of our readers by extracting at least some part of it—the miser has just been viewing his newly acquired hoards.

Enter LUKE.

'Twas no fantastic object, but a truth,
A real truth; nor dream: I did not slumber,
And could wake ever with a brooding eye
To gaze upon't! it did endure the touch,
I saw and felt it! Yet what I beheld
And handled oft, did so transcend belief
(My wonder and astonishment past o'er)
I faintly could give credit to my senses.
Thou dumb magician *(taking out a key)*, that without a charm
Didst make my entrance easy to possess
What wise men wish and toil for!

* * * * * * *
* * * * In bye corners of
This sacred room, silver in bags heap'd up
Like billets saw'd, and ready for the fire,
Unworthy to hold fellowship with bright gold
That flow'd about the floor, conceal'd itself.
There needs no artificial light; the splendour
Makes a perpetual day there, night and darkness
By that still burning lamp for ever banish'd!
But when, guided by that, my eyes had made
Discovery of the caskets, and they open'd,
Each sparkling diamond from itself shot forth
A pyramid of flames, and in the roof
Fix'd it a glorious star, and made the place
Heaven's abstract or epitome! Rubies, sapphires,
And ropes of orient pearl, these seen, I could not
But look on with contempt.
* * * * *
* * * * *
'I am sublimed! Gross earth
Supports me not; I walk on air! Who's there?'

Enter Lord LACY, *&c. &c. and disguised as Indians.*

'Thieves! Raise the street! Thieves!' &c. &c. &c.

If there are two heads to our dramatical Parnassus, surely Shakespeare and this poet must divide the seats upon their tops. Besides the character of Luke, the 'City Madam' has many other claims upon our favour. It is a powerful and pregnant composition, and has the effect of history, satire, and comedy united. The object of this play is formally stated at the conclusion; and most useful, if duly attended to, would be the very sensible lesson which it conveys.

Sir John thus addresses Lady Frugal:

'Make you good
Your promised reformation, and instruct
Our city dames, whom wealth makes proud, to move
In their own spheres; and willingly to confess
In their habits, manners, and their highest port,
A distance 'twixt the city and the court.'

In the prologue to the 'Guardian,' the players allude (probably) to two pieces of Massinger's, which were condemned on the first representation. What the names of these unsuccessful plays were, we know not; for the modesty of Mr. Francis Ludlow Holt was in the age of Massinger almost unknown; nor did authors, generally speaking, venture to obtrude those plays upon the closet, which the stage had con-

demned. Ben Jonson did indeed, when his Tale of the Tub and Magnetic Lady failed of success, with his usual arrogance, attribute it to a want of taste in the audience.

The peculiarity of this play is, that the licentiousness which is indulged to a greater excess here than in almost all the other of Massinger's pieces, is not punished at the conclusion with that justice for which he is usually to be commended, and with that remembrance of the claims of virtue for which he elsewhere assumes a proper credit. Perhaps, however, having been disappointed twice in pleasing the public, Massinger thought he would consult their taste instead of his own. A consideration of this kind has frequently made a man write below his ability. The 'Guardian,' however, with the above-mentioned exception, contains scattered beauties of no ordinary value: the developement of the wild and extravagant plot, indeed, is too sudden and confused; and as it is commonly made with great art in these plays, the defect is more observable. But not to enter into the causes of these blemishes, which we allow, let us rather direct our readers, with Dr. Ireland, to the fourth scene of the second act; and also cursorily notice, as we pass, the better known description of Durazzo's Rural Sports, which has so often been commended. But in the former scene, we see a weariness of existence, and a contempt of danger, heightened by the peculiar situation of the character, yet mixed with tenderness and conpunction; we hear the same just sentiments against too great a fondness for this perishable life, which we had before admired in the Picture, and are more interested for the person who expresses them. There is, as has been well expressed, a moral melancholy in the appearance of Severino. The versification of the Guardian is, even for Massinger, particularly beautiful.

'The very Woman' was acted 'at the private house in Black Friars' with great applause. It is indeed a most delightful play; although the maxim on which it is founded, that women have no reason for their 'love or hate,' is as far from truth as it is from gallantry. Our critics have justly observed, that every reader must feel the peculiar charms of the scene where Don John relates to Almira his real history, under the appearance of another person. Her strong curiosity prompted by her love, the growing conviction of her own misconduct, and the effect of his discovery, are represented in the liveliest manner; and this is the more remarkable, as Massinger is not generally happy in the management of artificial meanings and double situations.

'The Bashful Lover,' in which the character of Galeazzo

teaches us 'that modesty is essentially connected with true merit,' bears many marks of the heroic or chivalrous manner, or of both together. For history is, as usual, violated in this play, and persons who lived, and events which happened in different ages, are with little ceremony brought together. But the wonder is, that our old poets should have been able to excite the interest they did, with all these disadvantages. One thing indeed may be observed, that the novels from which they borrowed their plots, chiefly constituted the reading of their cotemporaries, and these novels themselves were not more faithful to history than the plays to which they gave a foundation; so that the audience were prepared for the liberties of the dramatist, who called his characters from the farthest corners of the earth, and made them meet upon the stage, and combined facts or fables of the most remotely separated æras:

Dissociata locis concordi pace ligavit.

'It would be very desirable to know,' says Dr. Ireland, 'from what book of strange adventures this and the plot of some of the other plays are derived: but this is a piece of information I am wholly unable to give.' We think it of little importance whether we possess this knowledge or not. The play of the 'Bashful Lover' is agreeably written, some of the characters are well drawn, and several of the scenes have considerable effect. It is then of no consequence from whence Massinger borrowed his materials. They must have been better than we suspect them to be, if he has not in most instances made the best use of them, which is all our concern.

Of the 'Old Law,' which is said to have been written by Massinger, Middleton, and Rowley, in conjunction, there is but one edition, the quarto of 1656, which appears to be a hasty transcript from the prompter's book, made, as Mr. Gifford very reasonably supposes, when the necessities of the actors, now grievously oppressed by the republicans, compelled them for a temporary resource to take advantage of a popular name, and bring forward such pieces as they yet possessed in manuscript.

This drama was once very popular. But the difference of its style and manner, in the most considerable part, from the usual writing of Massinger, makes it probable that he had no very large share in the composition of it. Extravagance, indecency, and meanness disfigure the subject of this play, and it labours with frequent obscurity of thought and ruggedness of versification. Yet it is impossible not to be touched by occasional passages, which in tenderness

and beauty are hardly excelled by any in Massinger. His manner is chiefly to be perceived in the second scene of the fourth act, and where Cleanthes and Leonides fondly expatiate on the happiness of their contrivance, at the very moment when their security is about to be interrupted.

We have thus performed our promise of giving a regular though imperfect review of all Massinger's plays. If we have induced any of our readers to form a wish of becoming better acquainted with one of the greatest poets of our country, hitherto little read and partially commended, we shall rejoice in the success of our labours.

Taking Dr. Ireland's excellent criticisms upon this author for the basis of our own, and hardly ever finding any reason to differ from him, we have endeavoured to allot to each drama its adequate degree of merit. We shall now offer a few general strictures upon the beauties and defects of Massinger's writings, upon the causes of his being passed over so long in silence and neglect by his countrymen; and lastly, upon the comparative rank which we think he ought to hold among our dramatic poets.

The chief objection to these plays is the licentiousness of language, and occasionally of incident. These are faults which cannot be defended; but, as has been observed, the characters who are guilty of this laxity, are for the most part justly punished in the catastrophe. This is more than can be said for the characters of any of our author's cotemporary dramatists. Neither has Massinger much comic wit; so that his impudent jests, if they can be called jests, are less dangerous than those of Shakespeare. This, however, reflects no merit upon Massinger; when he was indecent, he doubtless thought he was humourous. The incongruities of his stories have been also mentioned; but again, they are not greater than those of other plays of the same age, and they are generally softened down by some adroit arrangement, which reconciles them to probability in the unravelling of the plot, and which also is seldom the case with his rivals. Massinger never appears to have begun writing, before he had laid a plan; so that he does not offend with errors of negligence like Shakespeare, and forget, in his progress, his design at the beginning. We may add to these imperfections, so modified, of Massinger's subjects and language, the too frequent display of common-place mythological learning, although Johnson is so enormous an offender this way, that Massinger compared to him is faultless. Pedantry indeed does not appear to be the vice of the latter.

To turn to the more pleasing duty of remarking the beauties of our author, these will be found to consist chiefly in the description of the business and passions of men, with judgment, feeling, and discrimination. He does not soar into the imaginary world of Shakespeare; he once indeed deals with supernatural beings, not successfully, and once with magic; but he is generally contented to dwell among his fellow-creatures, and to enter into their pleasures and anxieties with the minutest regard to truth and nature. He has indeed a justness of principle, which Dr. Ireland observes to be admirably fitted to the best interests of human life; nor is there any writer of his class from whom more maxims of prudence, morality, or religion may be drawn. His political character is that of a true patriot. Let us then take the antidote with the bane; and allow him due praise for these passages, as we have censured him for those of a contrary tendency. With regard to the sweetness of his versification and the purity of his style, enough has been said. He is there, we think, superior to all rivalry.

Speaking of the period soon after Massinger's death, Dr. Ireland says, 'Perhaps for about twenty years the stage was altogether silent. It might have been expected, however, that the Restoration, which revived several of the plays of Shakespeare, and more of Beaumont and Fletcher, would have done some justice to Massinger.' He then continues to account for this neglect as follows—we shall transcribe his words, as we think they contain the most plausible reason that can be given for so extraordinary a circumstance, and which has induced many to say rashly, that Massinger cannot have much merit because he is not more known.

'It appears that the prevailing taste of those times was such as his scenes were not much calculated to gratify.—An extraordinary attachment burst forth to the swift turns and graces of the stage, as Dryden terms them, and to the chase of wit, briskly pursued in dramatic conversation.—These qualities do not distinguish Massinger: they were supposed at that time to be possessed by Fletcher alone; and this probably was the reason of the marked preference which he obtained; for we know from Dryden, that two of Fletcher's plays were acted for one of Shakespeare's. As to the wit of Jonson, it was considered as too stiff for that age. But the chief injustice seems to rest with Dryden himself. In his Essay on Dramatic Poetry, he praises others for qualities of which Massinger might have been adduced as an example; and blames them for failings

from which he was free, and probably this was a sufficient warrant for succeeding critics to pass by a name which so great a man had appeared not to know or not to value. As to the attempts in the last century to make Massinger known through succeeding editions of his works, they call for some acknowledgment on account of their motive; but the performance can hardly be mentioned without indignation. Lord Bacon somewhere talks of the disservice done to literature by the "*rash diligence*" of some "in the correction and edition of authors." One would think he had looked forward to the treatment of poor Massinger by Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason. But it is time that obscured merit should at length appear in its proper light: and Massinger has found from the present editor what has been so humanely wished for him, a vindication of his name in a pure and accurate text.'

It is but doing justice to the present editor to add, that from our own knowledge, we can pronounce the above statement to be perfectly correct, with regard to the repeated and indeed innumerable faults of his two predecessors, and the extreme accuracy of his own performance.

To give to our author his just degree of merit, as compared with Shakespeare, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, is now the only remaining part of our duty, except indeed that we shall previously say a few words of Massinger's Imitations. These are not numerous; they are chiefly from Shakespeare, and as imitations, extremely happy. But of Massinger's own imitators more may be said. The plagiarism of Rowe has been already censured; to Milton our author gave more than he himself borrowed from any one; to Farquhar he lent the Old Mirabel of the Inconstant, in the Durazzo of the Guardian; which character Farquhar in his turn lent to Mr. Sheridan, in the Sir Anthony Absolute of the Rivals; and to Lee, we will more confidently than Dr. Ireland assert, Massinger suggested Theodosius, or the Force of Love, in his Emperor of the East, which is a composition as much above the former, as genuine passion is superior to affected vehemence.

Massinger may surely be sometimes called sublime, although the last mentioned critic doubts it. Our quotation from the Duke of Milan, and that from the Unnatural Combat, would we think, go some way towards giving him this character. And he has not a single play that does not abound in passages where the language and the sentiments are equally elevated; but we wished to shew the variety of his powers, and therefore we instanced his sprightliness, his affectionate delicacy and

warmth in love-scenes; and in the speech of the Miser, an assemblage of some of the highest united beauties of descriptive and moral poetry.

He does not indeed, like Shakespeare, seize the soul, and in a moment pierce it with terror or affliction; but he softens it with compassion, love, and tenderness. His aim in tragedy, in short, is rather to excite the gentle, than the violent passions; and yet when he so chuses, he can stir up these also with no common strength. So that upon the whole, as a tragic writer, we think him superior to all but Shakespeare; and when we say that he is

Proximus huic, longo sed proximus intervallo,

we must also venture to say that perhaps Beaumont and Fletcher, and Old Ben, are at as great a distance from him as he is from Shakespeare.

His comic talent is not equal to his tragic power. For the great support of comedy is dialogue, and in this he is deficient. But his plots are good, his characters better, and his moral often the best possible. He does not often extort a laugh from us unexpectedly; but he always exhibits the deepest knowledge of human nature; he sets its follies in the strongest light, and is ever consistent in the management of his characters, and judicious in the means he uses to bring about events. With the allowance that must be made for the difference of manners between his age and our own, we see in his comedies very much what is passing in the world before us. And allowing the correctest resemblance in point of *manners* to be kept up by the modern comic characters of the stage to their patterns in real life, can we say that they are successful copies of our hearts and actions? Are we indeed so romantically generous, 'so firm in friendship, and so fond in love,' as we are represented on the theatre? or, to do ourselves justice, are the most silly of us so silly, or the most sullen so misanthrophical?

There is none of this *outrè* painting to be seen in Massinger. He never outstepped the modesty of nature, nor had he occasion so to do, for he had talent enough to perform the very difficult task of describing God's creatures exactly as they are. This faculty our present authors do not possess; they are therefore obliged to bring ghosts and goblins to their aid; and the still more imaginary race of beings, which consists of 'innocent adulteresses,' 'generous robbers,' and 'sentimental braziers.' With joy should we see them banished for ever from the stage, and their puppet-show actors together with them. Then we might perhaps hear

some one of our veteran performers repeat, amidst the acclamation of a well-judging audience,

> Let honest Massinger be heard to-night,
> And teach our modern witlings how to write.

ART. V. *Essays, biographical, critical, and historical, illustrative of the Spectator, Tatler, and Guardian. By Nathan Drake, M.D. Three Vols.* 12*mo.* 1*l.* 4*s.* Sharp. 1805.

ON opening these miscellaneous volumes, the first object which struck our eyes was the picture of Dr. Nathan Drake himself, as if in the very act of writing a 'literary hour.' His pen is in his hand, and he forcibly recalls to our mind the appearance of Mr. Thomas Dilworth, in the frontispiece of that incomparable spelling-book, where the story of Harry and Tommy is told, as Dr. Drake would say, 'with much *amenity*,' and the moral of 'don't care was his ruin at last,' impressed upon the rising generation 'with great vigour and *perspicuity*.' It has been the plan of Dr. Drake, also, in the work before us, 'to preserve a *perspicuous* unity of design, which, though occasionally digressive in its parts, might have a mutual subserviency in all its departments.' The title-page, perhaps as clearly as the above sentence, explains what Dr. Drake's book was intended to be, namely, an accompaniment to Sharpe's edition of the periodical writers. Some general observations on the state of literature and manners in England, at the commencement of the 'Tatler,' in 1709, constitute the first part of these Essays; biographical and critical sketches of Steele, the second; the same of Addison, the third; the same of their occasional correspondents, the fourth; and the fifth and last part 'delivers' (as the Doctor phrases it,) 'observations on the effects of the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian, on the taste, literature, and morals of their age.' We have already by a few detached expressions, introduced those of our readers who are unacquainted with Dr. Drake's style, to its general manner, but the following passage, with which we shall begin our review of the present publication, will be an ample specimen of the Doctor's mode of writing, at the same time that it will shew his opinion of the characteristic qualities of our most celebrated periodical authors. Vol. 1st, page 20.

'In Addison we discern the amenity and ideal grace of Raphael; in Johnson the strength and energy of Michael Angelo; in Hawkes-

worth the rich colouring and warmth of Titian; the legerity and frolic elegance of Albani in the productions of Moore, Thornton, and Coleman; the pathetic sweetness of Guido in the draughts of Mackenzie; and the fertility and harmonious colouring of Annibale Caracci, in the vivid sketches of Cumberland.'

We will venture to add that in Dr. Drake's own essays, we meet with all the qualities, (which it would be tedious to enumerate), of all the painters in the Truchsessian Gallery which is still open for the inspection of a liberal and enlightened public, at the rooms in the New Road, nearly opposite Portland Place, admission, one shilling.

Immediately after Dr. Drake's opinion, follows that of 'an elegant author,' as the Doctor styles him, d'Israeli. 'When I hold a volume of these Miscellanies (the Spectator, &c.) and run over with avidity the titles of their contents, my mind is enchanted, as if it were placed among the landscapes of Valais, which Rousseau has described with such picturesque beauty. I fancy myself seated in a cottage, amid those mountains, those vallies, those rocks, encircled by the enchantments of optical illusion!!! I look and behold at once the united seasons. "All climates in one place, all seasons in one instant." I gaze at once on a hundred rainbows, and trace the romantic figures of the shifting clouds. I seem to be in a temple dedicated to the service of the goddess of variety.' D'Israeli's Miscellanies. Page 22. Fudge! Fudge! Fudge! more than grew in the country which the Baron Munchausen saw, covered with Fudge.

It is not by such hands as these that Addison and his associates or followers are to be delineated. Not that we mean to compare Dr. Drake to d'Israeli; they certainly are 'Arcades ambo;' but the latter must be allowed the palm of absurdity. He, however, is not our subject at present; a fertile one for ridicule he has ever proved, and we resign him with regret; we must console ourselves with the Doctor.

We lately called the present age of literature, the æra of republication: it seems to have been a sort of prophecy, for Dr. Drake's essays had not then reached us. In the insulted name of common-sense, of what utility to any one besides the author, can long and repeated extracts from books in the hands of the whole world, be considered? Are we at this period to see *Addison revived?* Although our authors indeed have forgotten him. Must the whole of the character of the Tory fox-hunter be *now* submitted to our admiration? Must many, almost complete, papers from the Tatler, Spectator, Guardian,

Freeholder, and Lover, be now, as if for the first time, transcribed, commented upon, and illustrated by the farthing candle of criticism? Must stories at which the world has smiled or wept for near a century, now again be crammed down our throats, in wire-woven vellum and hot pressed repositaries of ancient sense and modern nonsense—

Of dullness driv'ling o'er the strains of wit?

'A question not to be ask'd,' says Falstaff. Still more, must long quotations from Mr. Hayley, from Dr. Darwin, 'vatum et plorabile siquid,' be re-introduced to ignorant wonder and undeserved applause, when the public is already sick with 'Flowers of Wit' overrun with weeds; 'Harvest Home,' barren of all profit; and 'Public Characters' destitute, generally speaking, of all notoriety, but their remarkable insignificance. When British Tourists—when annual—but although not irrelevant, these remarks may be offensive, we will therefore do a violence to our indignation, and stop in full career.

To return to Dr. Drake. In his remarks upon Cato, he notices the simile at the end of the second act, of the Numidian traveller buried in the sand of the desert. But he has not transcribed it; he reserved his pages for a longer transcript on a similar subject from Dr. Darwin. We shall here take occasion to offer a few remarks upon the defects of Dr. Darwin's poetry, and as the passage (called by Dr. Drake one of the sublimest in modern poetry) is assuredly one of the best in Dr. Darwin's works, our remarks, if just, will have the greater force.

It has been lately very well observed that the first striking fault of Dr. Darwin, is the laboured minuteness of his poetical description. 'The poet,' says Imlac, 'has to deal with general appearances; he does not count the colours of the rainbow, or number the streaks of the tulip.' Upon this principle, Pope's personification of Melancholy, in Eloise to Abelard, has been successfully contrasted with that of Dr. Darwin in the Temple of Nature; and Dr. Drake has himself acknowledged that the latter appeals rather to the eye than to the feeling. Nor can the eye be otherwise than disgusted with 'the slimy snail, and bloated lizard;' and if Dr. Darwin intended to excite disgust by his picture of melancholy, he had a very unpoetical feeling for the character of that goddess. We shall now endeavour to shew that what Dr. Drake calls a noble expansion of Addison's simile, into the march of Cambyses across the desert, is in many instances a very inflated and faulty passage.

After describing the '*whizzing whirlwinds*,' the '*red arcades*,' '*the Demon-gods*,' and '*blood-shot eyes*,' after telling us prosaically enough that the troops—

'Wheel in wide circle, form in hollow square,'

Dr. Darwin thus proceeds—

——'Gnomes! o'er the waste you led your myriad powers,
Climb'd on the whirls, and aim'd the flinty showers!
Onward resistless rolls the infuriate surge,
Clouds follow clouds, and mountains mountains urge;
Wave over wave the driving desert swims,
Bursts o'er their heads, inhumes their struggling limbs;
Man mounts on man, on camels camels rush,
Hosts march o'er hosts, and nations nations crush."

The gnomes 'climbing on the *whirls*,' and 'aiming the flinty showers,' are ludicrous; and the two last lines put us in mind of Smithfield on a market-day, when we have walked out of Grub street to take a peep at the surrounding scenery—

Calf mounts on calf, on bullocks bullocks rush—

or of Covent-Garden market, where—

Greens rise o'er greens, and turnips turnips crush.

The fact is that Dr. Darwin has carried his imitation of Virgil's 'viro vir,' to much too great a length.—But behold!

'*Night* bow'd *his* Ethiop brow
To earth, and listen'd to the groans below;
Grim *horror* shook—'

The affectation, or ignorance, of making night masculine, is inexcusable; Tooke's Pantheon should have taught the poet better; for poet we allow him to be in the conclusion of this passage.

——'A while the living hill
Heav'd with convulsive throes—and all was still.'

Although indeed we had the 'live desert' just before. The image of 'grim horror' is very indistinct. Dr. Darwin does not possess the power of particularizing any object without the most tedious sort of Dutch painting, or filagree work, to assist him. He has not the soul of a poet; he cannot embody images in a general draught, nor

'Give to airy nothing
'A local habitation, and a name.'

We hope our readers will excuse this digression, as it is materially connected with the character of Dr. Drake as a critic. He gives the above passage from the Botanic Garden his unqualified approbation.

The defence of Addison, made by Judge Blackstone in the Biographia Britannica, for his conduct to Pope, is amply entered into by Dr. Drake.—He considers the point as proved, that Addison did not use Pope ill, in suffering Tickell to publish the first book of the Iliad just as Pope published his translation; and chiefly upon these grounds, that Addison told Pope of the intention, before the act; and that Tickell's advertisement declared it was only to try the public favour for a future publication of the Odyssey. That Addison looked over and corrected, if he did not write this version of the first book of the Iliad, is certain, and Addison's knowledge of human nature was too great to let him suppose that Pope could be pleased with it.

His ill-timed opposition then (for as far as the first book of the Iliad went, it was in fact an opposition) could not have proceeded from want of judgment. His telling Pope was politic, or at least impudent; for how could it be concealed? However, Pope was not justified in his unmanly resentment after Addison's death. The character of Atticus reflects the highest discredit upon the character of its author in a moral point of view; although its poetical excellence is undoubtedly very great.

The first volume of Dr. Drake's Essays is concluded by Tickell's elegy on the death of Addison! Our readers may disbelieve us, but nothing is more true—it is the fact. We have seldom seen a grosser specimen of the art of bookmaking. There is, we believe, hardly an edition of Addison's works to which this elegy has not been prefixed. Every boy and girl can say it by heart, and in every country churchyard we have an extract from it, on the graves of surgeons and of butchers—

> 'He taught us how to live—and oh! too high
> The price of knowledge, taught us how to die.'

We should mention, that in Dr. Drake's account of Addison and his coadjutors, there are many entertaining anecdotes, some not so commonly met with as others, but upon the whole, the biographical information of these essays is to be gathered from well known writers on the same subjects. Dr. Drake, indeed, aware of this, says, 'that most of the novelty of his book must arise from incidental reflections,' of which he is by no means sparing. But as we like

the old stories better than the new remarks, we shall present our readers with one of the former, before we try their patience with any of the latter.

'Steele, Savage, and Philips, one night, after having supped together at a tavern in Gerrard-street, Soho, sallied out in high spirits.—They were met by a tradesman, at the top of Hedge-lane, who, after begging their pardon for addressing them on the subject, told them at the top of the lane he had seen two or three suspicious looking fellows who appeared to be bailiffs; so that if any of them were apprehensive of danger, he would advise them to take a different route. Not one of them waited to thank the man, but flew off different ways, each conscious, from the embarrassment of his own affairs, that such a circumstance was very likely to happen to himself.' VOL. I. P. 180.

We can hardly select any thing worth notice from Dr. Drake's criticisms, except perhaps from the opening of the second volume, where he traces the progressive improvement of English style, from the days of Sir Philip Sydney down to Johnson; and here, as Johnson himself has in one paragraph placed part of the subject in a very clear light, Dr. Drake will excuse us for not inserting many of his opinions.

'From the authors which rose in the time of Elizabeth, (says Johnson, in the preface to his dictionary,) a speech might be formed adequate to all the purposes of use and elegance. If the language of theology were extracted from Hooker, and the translation of the Bible; the terms of natural knowledge from Bacon; the phrases of policy, war, and navigation, from Raleigh; the dialect of poetry and fiction from Spencer and Sydney; and the diction of common life from Shakespeare; few ideas would be lost to mankind for want of English words in which they might be expressed.' As Johnson also has made cursory remarks upon most of the other authors that Dr. Drake touches upon, in his proposed review of the progress of style, we must be allowed to go along with the critic, instead of his amplifier, for Dr. Drake *adds something* to all Johnson's observations—we mean he adds words. Of Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, which was first published in 1617, in quarto, but afterwards reprinted so often in folio, as to prove a capital estate to the bookseller, Johnson has said, 'that it was the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner that he wished to rise; it is indeed overloaded with quotation, but there is great spirit and great power in what Burton says when he writes from his own mind.' Dr. Ferriar also read

this book attentively no doubt; but why shew the world that Sterne was a plagiarist?

'Cui sic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.'

It was an ungracious task. Dr. Drake does not seem to think so.

Of Sir Thomas Browne, Johnson has spoken with his accustomed judgment. Dr. D. observes, what is true enough, that Johnson has purloined some of Sir Thomas's ponderous words. 'His style is vigorous, but rugged; it is learned, but pedantic; it is deep, but obscure; it strikes, but does not please; it commands, but does not allure; his tropes are harsh and his combinations uncouth.' Dr. Drake extracts some passages from Milton's prose writings for approbation, but observes that the 'witty and metaphysical Cowley is the first author who has given us a specimen of elegance and unaffected ease in prose. To Cowley,' he continues, 'we may justly ascribe the formation of a basis on which has since been constructed the present correct and admirable fabric of our language. His words are pure and well chosen, the collocation simple and perspicuous, and the members of his sentences distinct, harmonious, not clogged with supernumerary words, nor dragging at the close;' which is somewhat the case with the above, and we must therefore turn to more lively matter.

'The brilliant, pure, simple, clear, and compact Jeremy Taylor, the accurate and impartial, but prolix and involved Clarendon, the energetic and impetuous Barrow, the smooth *but loose Tillotson*, the ornamented and pleasing Sir William Temple, the racy and mellow-tinted Dryden, with his *felicitous selection of vernacular idiom*, the precise and neat Sprat, the easy and natural, but negligent Locke, the plain and forcible, but slovenly and inharmonious Swift, the rich and ardent but stiff and affected Shaftesbury,' *with ample corroborating extracts from the works of each*, pass in review before Dr. Nathan Drake. But on Addison he dwells. 'The style of this author,' says the Doctor, 'forms a medium between the dry and unornamented language of Swift, and the pompous and elaborate diction of Shaftesbury.' We shall not here transcribe Johnson's well known recommendation of Addison's style, but refer our readers to a very pleasing dialogue written by Dr. Beattie's son, and published by his father, in the volume of posthumous poems. The characters are Addison and Johnson, and they each defend their re-

spective styles. The praise is given to the former; 'non nostrum est tantas componere lites,' but we cannot help being of opinion, that no style but Johnson's own would have been strong enough to support his thoughts. The gentle easy language of Addison would have given way and sunk under them; and whoever shall attempt to change what is called Johnson's, 'fine words,' for others of more common use, will in most instances be unable to do it without impairing in some degree the vigour and discrimination of the thought which they express. They are almost always perfectly appropriate; which indeed is no bad test of a good style. The truth is, Johnson's mind not only embraced the whole range of arts and sciences, but entered most deeply into the intricacies of the human heart. He knew his fellow creatures thoroughly, from mixing with them where they are most undisguised, in the inferior walks of life; and as his reflections were profound, he was obliged to search the depths of language for words equal to them in recondite power, and to make the resources of his style answer the calls of his information.

With regard to Steele's qualities as a writer, we have all the criticism we can wish for from Dr. Drake. His observations on the style only of this author are extended to nearly twenty pages. But after all, Steele has himself described his own manner in a word. He talks of his 'incorrectness of style, and writing in an air of common speech;' (Tatler, No. 5;) and elsewere observes, 'that the elegance and correctness of Addison's writings were not so much to his purpose, as to rally in any intelligible manner he could, all those singularities of human life, through the different professions and characters in it, which obstruct any thing that was truly good and great.' Dr. Drake considers this as a most absurd plan, and says, 'if Sir Richard had fully carried it into execution, his works would long ago have been consigned to merited oblivion.' This is nonsense. Steele's manner is far from a good one, and we have even known those fastidious coxcombs, who have pretended to consider it as disgusting, though they were no more able to point out its real faults than Dr. Drake. It throws little light upon any subject, to talk of 'majesty of cadence,' or of 'intricate collocation.' The last phrase is a foolish one. The fact is, that there is no greater injustice done to an author, than to detach his sentences from their context, and affect to weigh his words. Whoever knows the contributions of Steele to the Spectator only, two hundred and forty papers, (not to mention any of his other, even periodical works) must know that Steele's writings had

something better to recommend them than what is absurdly called 'collocation,' and 'due degree of embellishment.' Steele was naturally a man of talents, had seen a great deal of the world, and knew human nature perfectly well; from the very turn of his life, he was acquainted with a variety of singular characters; consequently had a fund of instructive, and entertaining anecdote and observation to distribute among his works. He has distributed a large store of knowledge and wit throughout all his productions, and he never will be depreciated by any man of sense, merely because he is deficient in the inferior and comparatively paltry qualifications of a writer. Dr. Drake, indeed, seems sensible of Steele's merits; he says rather too much about the technical part of his composition; however, he allows his humour, and occasional exertion of higher talent, therefore we do not level these observations at the Doctor. There are too many in the world to whom they are applicable, who seem to have no idea of merit beyond the winding up of a sentence, beyond remarks

> 'That fall in pedant's periods to the ground,
> Very inanimate and very round.' *(Colman's Broad Grins.)*

The biography of Addison's minor coadjutors we consider to be the most interesting part of Dr. Drake's work. It begins with the life of Budgell; in which there was nothing extraordinary, till he was left two thousand one hundred pounds by Dr. Matthew Tindal, nearly the whole of that gentleman's property. Then, as is well known, he was suspected of forgery, and the will set aside, after a legal contest between Budgell and the nephew of the deceased. On May the 4th, 1737, Budgell, after having filled his pockets with stones, took a boat at Somerset stairs, and ordering the waterman to shoot London bridge, threw himself while it passed the arch, into the Thames. On his bureau was found the following sentence written on a slip of paper:

> 'What Cato did, and Addison approved,
> Cannot be wrong.'

He wrote thirty-seven papers in the Spectator. His letters on education, No. 5, 307, 313, 337, and 353, are strong proofs of his good sense, as is that on infidelity and atheism, 389, of his soundness of principle, inconsistent indeed, but too naturally to be reconciled with his own conduct.

The most remarkable occurrence in the life of Hughes is his having received intelligence only a few hours before his

death, of the success of his play, the Siege of Damascus. He heard it with perfect indifference. His mind was absorbed in nobler hopes; hopes which the purity of his life, together with the humility and resignation that marked his dying hours, might reasonably authorize him to entertain. His death formed a striking contrast to the end of Budgell. Next to him Hughes was the largest contributor to the Spectator. His paper on the immortality of the soul is justly admired; his prose indeed is altogether superior to his poetry.

Bishop Berkely wrote fourteen papers in the Guardian. It is needless to mention how successfully he has combated Collins's 'Discourse on Freethinking,' in eleven of these essays. Dr. Drake wastes twenty pages upon Pope; after Warburton and Johnson, after Ruffhead and Warton, this surely was, as Dr. Drake says, 'tautological' and 'superfluous.' And indeed we may here take occasion to observe, that in Tyers's lively tract upon Pope and Addison, there is more entertainment and really necessary information, than in all the crude farrago of Dr. Drake's catchpenny Essays.

We cannot follow him through his biographical sketches, as he too modestly calls them, any more than we could through his critical remarks. In the life of Tickell, Dr. Drake quotes part of the ballad of Colin and Lucy, and subjoins Vincent Bourne's translation. Mr. Vincent Bourne has been duly praised for his simplicity, elegance, and in most instances classical correctness, as a modern Latinist; but Mr. Vincent Bourne has some false quantities, which this would not be the place to mention, were there not something very like one, unnoticed by Dr. Drake, in his quotation:

'Caputque
Ipsa sepulchrali vincta, pedes que, stolâ.'

'Togâ' would have done just as well in point of sense, and would have preserved the metre.

In Swift's Life there is an inuendo of a nature which we cannot avoid mentioning, with transient reprobation. It is in page 168, vol. 8; and Dr. Beddoes is quoted in support of Dr. Drake's opinion. We were long since disgusted with Dr. Beddoes, and our friend in Arundel-street, upon this subject; and we are indeed surprised to see any other gentleman of the faculty recur to it. As Ainsworth says—'Apage et vocem et rem.'

Swift's saying upon death, that it carries man 'ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit,' always struck us as peculiarly likely to be suggested to the mind of a reviewer

in this world of gross and unfeeling absurdity. Nor have we ever so strongly conceived this idea, as within the last ten years, during which period it has been the daily practice to expose all the vices of our fellow-creatures with the most unwearied malignity, under their own hand and seal, by the posthumous publication of their most secret correspondence. We are at a loss for words to stigmatize this unnatural practice. We accuse not Dr. Drake of it, we only think him wrong in venturing to say what he has said of Swift; but with regard to dragging before the world dead men's bones, as has been done in some cases of late, had we any caustic severe enough to make folly feel, or gibbet at our command to reward unprincipled villany, we would exert our power.

The lives of Zachary Pearce, Watts, Orator Henley, and a variety of other well-known characters, amounting in all to about forty, add a considerable portion of interest to this last volume of Dr. Drake's Essays; but in most instances these accounts have been superseded by others much fuller and much more ably drawn up; so that we cannot consider them in any other light than the disgraceful one of lucrative, but needless, republications.

'The commencing and the concluding essay' were intended by Dr. Drake 'powerfully to assist towards binding the parts into a whole: the former, after a dissertation on the origin, the merit, and the utility of periodical writing, stating the situation of literature and manners in this island *previous* to the appearance of the Tatler; the latter, the salutary effect which this and the two succeeding series of papers ultimately produced on every rank of society, and every department of literature.' Both these essays of Dr. Drake we consider extremely tedious. There is a pervading dullness in all his works, that hangs like a dead weight upon his best thoughts. From the first essay we shall select the following remark. 'The moral character of the females in Addison's time was in truth far superior to that of the other sex; and then, as now, religion and virtue found an asylumin their bosoms. The description, indeed, which the Spectator has given of their employments and usual mode of life, viz. the frivolous consumption of time in dress, &c. &c. without doubt called for reformation, which was shortly after obtained through the medium of his elegant and instructive admonitions.' Dr. Drake's style is that of an advertisement. He puffs indiscriminately; and censures without judgment.—He must forgive our bidding him in this place, as we hope, an eternal adieu, for we deprecate the threatened continuation of

his plan to the Rambler, &c. With regard to the good which the Spectator did to his country, let us hear Johnson in his Life of Addison.

'No greater felicity can genius attain, than that of having purified intellectual pleasure, separated mirth from indecency, and wit from licentiousness; of having taught a succession of writers to bring elegance and gaiety to the aid of goodness; and, if I may use expressions yet more awful, of having "turned many to righteousness."

Concerning the oriental stories of this great author, and those of Addison, we shall venture a few words, and then conclude this article. It has been said, we think injudiciously, that the simplicity of Addison's diction adds a charm to his eastern tales. But propriety is surely first to be considered in the application of language to foreign imagery; and such language should be chosen as best suits with the imagery. Grandeur and loftiness are the qualities of style strikingly adapted to the manners and customs of the east. These qualities are more conspicuous in Johnson's fables than in those of any writer; although in one instance he perhaps falls short of Addison, never having produced any thing of this sort quite equal to the Vision of Mirza. But his story of Obidah, and the whole of Rasselas, with numerous other instances, owe nearly as much of their excellence to the solemn elevation of his style, as to the justness and beauty of his sentiments.

ART. VI.—*Correspondence between Frances, Countess of Hartford (afterwards Duchess of Somerset,) and Henrietta Louisa, Countess of Pomfret; between the Years* 1738 *and* 1741. 3 *Vols.* 8*vo.* Phillips. 1805.

ANOTHER instance is here furnished of the indecent practice that has of late years prevailed among our countrymen, of exposing to the public eye the private correspondence of deceased persons, whether of great or little consequence, just as poverty, a want of good sense or of principle, in their surviving friends and relatives, may chance to offer their ill-sorted papers to the highest bidder. The latter of course makes his best market of them, prints them all without selection, however unguardedly written, however unfit to be seen by any but those to whom they were addressed. Subjects of temporary interest, handled carelessly, family concerns, affectionate expressions, all are dragged into the notice of an ill-judging and worse-natured world; and cha-

racters that might have retained the good opinion of that world, for sense above their fellows, for a freedom from affectation, weakness, and prejudice, are discovered to be as devoid of these pretensions to esteem as any the most undistinguished of mankind. Such was the disagreeable result of Richardson's Correspondence being made public; such a mode of conduct shewed the general talents and even the character of Mr. Wilkes to be much less respectable than they needed to have appeared in the sight of his posterity. And although we do not meet with gluttony like his in every page of the volumes before us, though we are not crammed with cold partridge pye and *poirade* sauce, yet we hear the Countess of Hartford,

—'Oh, Hartford! fitted or to shine to courts,' &c.

confessing in the name of herself and her family,

'Our stomachs ne'er refuse to eat
Eggs, cream, fresh butter, or calves' feet;
And cooling fruits, and *sav'ry greens*,
'Sparagus, peas, or kidneybeans.'—

And we hear the Countess of Pomfret, in the succeeding letter, thus fulsomely extol the above vulgar nonsense. Vol. ii. p. 41.

'Palazzo Ridolfi, Aug. 7, N. S. 1740.

'To give the thanks and praises that are due to your last, dear Madam, I ought to have a muse *as elegant as the composer of it*; but since nature has denied me such a power, accept in humbler style my acknowledgments; which, however, rise to the highest pitch of gratitude and esteem!'

Scratch me, and I'll scratch you. Accordingly, we find Lady Hartford, in the letter immediately following, thus express herself;

'Your letters, dear Lady Pomfret, never fail of giving me pleasure; though I confess the last, *charming as it was*,' &c. &c.

Lady P.'s account of her travels on the continent are about as interesting as Lady H.'s account of her occupations in England; the one being a sort of list of the sights to be seen in France and Italy, without including any opinion, 'for fear,' as Lady P. says, 'of giving a wrong one,' of the pictures, or statues, or buildings, or curiosities of any kind, which she saw; and the other, a lifeless description of birth-days and balls in George the Second's court, intermixed with rambling touches of the picturesque, when Lady

Hartford dwells upon her hobby-horse, her place at Richkings.

Both these ladies, we cannot help observing, indulge themselves in making much too free strictures upon the literature and living authors of the times; and although (for bad as it is, we do not wish to represent this publication in quite so ridiculous a light as some of a similar nature) we do not here meet with the insolence of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, though Johnson is not compared to a 'packhorse,' Swift and Pope called 'linkboys,' and Richardson supposed to have disliked masquerades, 'because he never had money to purchase a ticket to one;' literal expressions of Lady Mary's; yet we see the Countesses of Hartford and Pomfret sitting in judgment upon Thomson and Mallet, and censuring their performances, who were themselves not so much below Pope and Swift in ability, as this pair of Countesses united were possessed of minds decidedly inferior to Lady Mary's single talent.

They are represented also by the editors of their letters, as persons of unaffected and rational piety. We think, for such a character, they speak rather too encomiastically of Mr. Whitfield and his then rising sect of methodists; who have now increased to a dangerous height; who overrun our kingdom, turning the heads of silly men, women, and children, with their pernicious doctrines; and who are so injudiciously encouraged by those members of our established church, who nourish these snakes in their bosoms, and keep a sort of half-way-house between the church and the conventicle. Have they already forgotten the bloody triumph of the Puritans in a former age? do they think that human nature is not in every age the same? and can they see the alarming progress of seceders all around them, without guarding against that hypocrisy, of which enthusiasm is the too general and the too successful cloak?

The Countess of Hartford, indeed, allows that Mr. Whitfield had 'a much greater share of zeal than knowledge,' which, by the way, she could have known little of; but she does not reprobate as she ought to have done, his field preaching, and inflaming eloquence, calculated, instead of serving the cause of that religion, which works by love, meekness, and charity, which is full of goodness, and of gentleness, and of long suffering, to be 'the pander of the worst passions of the people;' and the use of which eloquence in his own case, Mr. Wesley, on his death-bed, lamented, as having stirred up so many of his fellow christians to make innovations in the discipline, and to rise up in defiance against the lawful authority of their religious government.

We cannot too much admire the impudence of the note, page 232, of the first volume of this Correspondence, which says, that the story of Bianca Capello is not inserted, because it is well known, although at page 179, Mrs. Carter's Ode to Melancholy, which appeared twenty years ago in the Elegant Extracts, not to mention its frequent publication much before and since that time, is transcribed at full length!

Why did not the editor of this Correspondence favour us with an extract or too from the translation of Epictetus? He has indeed copied out two sorry versions of one poem of Metastasio, and other original or translated doggrels, which with a tedious, though short Essay upon Friendship, form the extraneous ornaments of these uninteresting volumes.

But it is high time to laugh again. And we would wish to call the attention of our fair readers in particular to the following extract, from a letter of Lady Hartford's, vol. i. page 220.

'Mrs. Purcell sent to me yesterday to ask if I would see the Princess Mary's clothes and laces. They were all laid in order, on two tables, which are the whole length of the poor Queen's state bedchamber, from whence the bed is removed. There are four night gowns, (three trimmed) and *one blue tabby*, embroidered with silver; four sacks, or robes, all trimmed—that for the wedding night is silver tissue, faced and doubled to the bottom before with pink-coloured satin, and trimmed with silver point d'Espagne. The stiff-bodied gown she is to be married in, is very nearly the same as the Princess Royal's was; there is an embroidery upon white, with gold, and colours, very rich; and a stuff on a gold ground, prodigiously fine, with flowers shaded up the middle of the breadths like painting, and a kind of embossed work of blue and silver towards the edges. Mrs. Purcell assured me that she bought the gold by itself, before the stuff was woven; and that there was in it no less than eighteen pounds weight. This to me sounds incredible; but she affirms it to be true. There are four more fine gowns besides these; four fine laced Brussels heads; two looped and two grounded; and two extremely fine point ones, with ruffles and tippets; six French caps and ruffles:—handkerchiefs, &c. without number.'

So much for Lady Hartford. Our readers may now wish, (or, perhaps, that is too bold a supposition,) to hear a little of Lady Pomfret. After giving an account of the horse-races in the Corso at Florence, which all the world knows were run by horses without riders, her ladyship thus proceeds:

'Amongst other amusements on the day of the race, they provided one peculiar to this country called singing—al' improviso. A man and woman (the former celebrated for his learning, and the latter for her genius) maintained a dialogue to music. I was request-

ed to give them a subject, and I proposed the question, Why women are generally more constant in love than men? They began: and with an infinite deal of wit on both sides, they each supported their opinions with quotations from both profane and sacred history, which they applied in a most lively and various manner, for near two hours, without any pauses more than were necessary for the music. I wished to have their compositions in writing, but they told me that was impossible, for were they to begin again they should not be able to repeat what they had said before.' VOL. II. P. 60.

Why Lady Mary Wortley's lately published account of the Regatta at Venice should be, with little variation, reprinted from Lady Pomfret's papers, except for the natural purpose of swelling the book, we are unable to imagine; nor would it be easy to decide why 'a Song by an Amazon intended to have been inserted in the Mask of Comus, immediately after the pastoral ballad beginning 'On every Hill,' but which the ladies of the theatre refused to sing, should have been actually inserted in the Correspondence of the Countesses of Hartford and Pomfret. But enough of trifling; let us hasten to dispatch the remaining contents of these letters, which are extremely creditable to the writers, as friends, but which should never have been given to the world;—nor would they in any age except the present, when the motto of every trade truly is, to acquire

Rem
Si possis, recte, si non, quocuncque modo rem.

We have a concise, rather humorous, and at the time it was written (1741,) generally speaking, a true account of the state of Europe, quoted by Lady Pomfret, vol. iii. page 380.

'Les Cours de l'Europe.
L'Allemagne eraint tout,
L'Autriche risque tuot,
La Baviere espere tout,
La Prusse entreprend tout,
La Mayence rend tout,
La Portugal regarde tout,
L'Angleterre veut faire tout,
L'Espagne brouille tout,
La Savoye se defie de tout,
La Moscovie se mêle de tout.
La Hollande obtient tout,
La France souffle tout,
Les Jesuites se trouvent par tout,
Rome benit tout,
Si Dieu ne prevoit à tout
Le Diable emportera tout.'

It is curious to reflect upon the changes that have taken place in the state of these countries, in an interval of about sixty years—wonderful to see the influence that one nation has been suffered by Providence to obtain over almost all the rest, and a subject of the most grateful thanksgiving, that we are not included in the number of the unfortunate.

We shall just mention for the benefit of those of our readers who are lovers of a Melange Literaire, that they will, besides what we have made them acquainted with, also find in these volumes an account of Teresa Giaccomini, whom Lady Pomfret saw take the veil at Genoa, and of the Virgin of the Imprunetta; what were the oaths by which Francis I. and Charles V. swore, and a dispute which was the best oath; a word of 'the blind beggar of Bethnal Green:' and another of 'the two lions that were whelped 'in the tower of London, and called Vernon and Ogle.' We do not mean that this Correspondence treats of no other subjects than those we have specified, but we recommend the above as among the most instructive and entertaining.

ART. VII.—*Memoirs of C. M. Talleyrand de Peregord, one of Buonaparte's principal Secretaries of State, &c. &c. &c. containing the Particulars of his private and public Life. By the Author of the Revolutionary Plutarch.* 2 *Vols.* 12*mo.* Murray. 1805.

WHEN the Revolutionary Plutarch first appeared, the interest it excited was very general, but the cry was, 'what degree of authenticity can be claimed by the works which this writer refers to, in support of his assertions?' Much credit both at home and abroad has since been given to them. Some of our fellow-labourers in the field of criticism have even positively declared that from their acquaintance with the author, they know that his veracity may be relied upon. His work has been again and again reprinted, quoted, and confirmed by cotemporary writers of all descriptions. The present publication therefore demands our closest attention; although we own that there are some parts of its narrative so highly coloured, that for the honour of human nature we are almost unwilling to believe them in their full extent.—The life of Talleyrand represents him in all the different colours of his uniformly detestable characters: as a lover as well as a politician; intriguing both in the *boudoir*, and the cabinet. The style in which these memoirs are written will be perceived by our readers to be far from a good one;

bearing evident marks in many instances of bad translation from the French, so literal indeed as by confounding the idioms of the two languages, to make something very like nonsense of the original.

But the matter is extraordinarily curious, and having made these preliminary remarks to avoid interruptions, we shall now enter upon a delineation of the character of this great actor in the French revolution.

'Charles Maurice Talleyrand de Peregord was born at Paris on the 7th of March, 1754, and is descended from one of the most ancient families in France. He is the younger son of a younger branch of the Counts of Peregord, who, three centuries ago, were sovereigns of a country in the south-western part of France, yet called Peregord. Club-footed by birth, and having no hope of any fortune from his parents, he was from his youth educated and destined for the church. At the college of Louis le Grand he evinced early genius and early depravity. In 1767 he obtained the first prize for learning in his class, but was, at the same time, publicly reprimanded for his too glaring irregularities. At that age, to innocent and noble minds led astray by volatility or seduction, the publication of their errors is generally the worst of all chastisements, and produces immediate reform. A boy of thirteen who shews no repentance for a fault for which he is reproached among his youthful companions, whose good opinion, shame as well as emulation should induce him to regain; when arrived at manhood, seldom regards what his contemporaries say or think of his committing a crime to gratify a passion; when the youth wants modesty the man rarely possesses honour and virtue. Talleyrand, instead of returning to the path of duty, continued his course of wickedness. During the Easter week, 1768, he went with some debauched associates to a public brothel kept at the *Rue Croix petits champs* by a woman of the name of *La Duboise*. He was there involved in a quarrel with some mousquetaires of the king's household troops; and, in consequence of declining to give one of them the satisfaction demanded, he was thrown from a two pair of stairs window into the street, and both his legs were broken by the fall. Refusing to tell the *guet*, at that time the police soldiers at Paris, his name and place of abode, he was carried to the hospital *Hotel Dieu*, where he remained four days before the superior of the college and his friends could learn what had become of him. The lieutenant-general of the police, influenced by his relatives, gave out that the fracture was produced by accident in the street, and ordered him to be removed back to the college. But there, by the confession of one of his associates, the real cause was already known, and his re-admission therefore refused. It has been related, that when he was informed of his disgrace, though lying on a bed of sickness, he flew into a passion, swearing that it should not be for want of his active endeavours and *philosophical* zeal, if twenty-five years afterwards Christian teachers and Christian pupils were still found in

France, or if Christian churches were not changed into theatres, and Christian colleges into brothels.* That he has kept his word France has experienced, and all Europe can attest.' P. 3.

As the authority here referred to has not been questioned, we have no reason to doubt the truth of the above. It also substantiates the otherwise incredible instance of early depravity in Talleyrand, with which we shall close the account of his private intrigues, (although there are many stories of the same nature in his life,) and then confine ourselves to his public career, with one exception, which we shall notice in its place. The following anecdote of determined vice in a young man of sixteen, is perhaps unequalled in the annals of biography. We do not know that any of the monsters who shocked the world with their enormities during the worst periods of the Roman empire, ever in their youth displayed such abandoned hearts.

'It was in 1770 that a scene of infamy was first detected, which would have done honour to the heads and hearts of all the rebellious brigands, who, from Mirabeau to Buonaparte, have since figured upon the revolutionary stage of France.

'In the vicinity of Count de Peregord's palace, resided in the *Rüe de Bacq*, Madame Gauchier, a widow with five children, three of whom were daughters. Her husband, a Swiss by birth, had early entered the French service, and from his merit had risen from the ranks to be a captain and knight of the Order of St. Louis. Wounded in Germany during the seven years war, he survived the peace of 1767, which concluded it, only two years. The scanty pension allowed his widow by government was not sufficient to support her family, she therefore became a mantua-maker, and brought up her daughters to the same trade. Their industry and regularity were the common topics of conversation, and the admiration of all their good neighbours until the spring of 1769, when, on a fatal day, the charms of the girls excited the attention and desire of the young debauché Talleyrand. Poor and artless, by splendid presents and brilliant offers their innocence was soon allured by the insidious snares of seduction. In less than six months Maria and Amy, the one aged eighteen, the other sixteen, were in a state of pregnancy; and were persuaded by their base seducer to take some drugs in order to cause miscarriages. Of what ingredients these drugs were composed is best known to Talleyrand, but so dreadful were their effects, they immediately deprived Amy of life and Maria of her reason; and the wretched mother accompanied, on the same day, one

* A pamphlet printed by Duchesne at Paris 1789, called La Vie Laique et Ecclesiastique du Monseigneur l'Eveque d'Autun, contains all the particulars of Talleyrand's early life. See p. 4, 5, and 6.

of her daughters to the grave, and the other to a mad house! So little did she suspect the real author of her misery, that she continued to receive, with distinction, the visits of the assassin; consulted him as a friend, and revered him as a benefactor. She had, however, soon occasion to repent of her simplicity, and to deplore her ignorance. Her third daughter, Sopia, on her fourteenth birth-day, during the carnival 1770, eloped from her distressed parent. After many fruitless searches, the police was applied to; but, in such a manner had Talleyrand planned the retreat of his new victim, that, until midsummer, the police spies could not find out her place of concealment. Had not the female accomplice, in whom he trusted, betrayed his secrets, they probably would not even then have succeeded.

'Among other virtuous persons, feeling for the sufferings, and interesting themselves in behalf of the unfortunate Madame Gauchier, the humane and generous Duke of Penthiévre was the foremost; he offered a reward of 3000 livres (125l.) to any person who should discover the abode of the lost child. This sum was too strong a temptation for the woman in whose house, and under whose care the girl had resided in the *Rue St. Antoin* to resist; and poor Sophia Gauchier was taken in the arms of her seducer, being in a fair way to become a mother. In her room was a box containing pills which were intended, according to Sophia's confession, for the purpose of producing abortion. These, after being examined and compared with the drugs found in the corpse of the poisoned Amy, leave little doubt who was the real perpetrator of that crime; who, besides, from juvenile indiscretion, or depraved vanity, had boasted of his intrigues with, and gloried in the ruin of the two elder sisters as well as in that of the youngest. At the recommendation, and under the protection of the Duke of Penthiévre, Sophia was received in the convent of the Urselines, in the *Bois de Boulogne*, near Paris; where, notwithstanding the tender attention and religious consolation of the abbess, she shortly expired, in consequence of a premature delivery; her death was, in two days, followed by that of her mother, from a broken heart, and the same tomb contained them both. Talleyrand had hardly finished the first year of his fourth lustrum, when these attrocious deeds were committed, the perpetration of which afforded a fatal presage of the cool and deliberate crimes, since committed by the patricide and apostate bishop, by the regicide and revolutionary minister.' See Duchesne's pamphlet, p. 5, 8, 12, and 13; and La Vie d'un indigne Peregord.

We now come to the political actions of Talleyrand. We shall begin by a transcript of the instructions given to the agents of the secret police office at Paris. Besides a reference to the publication entitled 'La Police de Fouché devoilé,'—Fouché, who is called the revolutionary armour of Buonaparte, as Berthier is his military helmet, and Talleyrand his right arm,—our author informs us of the source from whence

he directly received the following curious state paper. He is himself, we understand, an old officer, whose friends, relations, and property have been the victims of revolutionary fraud and cruelty; who has himself languished in French prisons; and there collected many of the materials for his works. His communicant is a loyal friend at Paris; who, though figuring at Buonaparte's diplomatic levees, and from policy partaking of Talleyrand's official dinners, holds in the utmost detestation these guilty men; watches their motions, and penetrates into their plans; has temerity enough often to expose their atrocities, and courage enough, when occasion offers, to deliver mankind of its scourge. Now, if this is not mere gasconade, surely it is very imprudent of this adventurous hero's friend in England, to notify his character so plainly to the world, to put Talleyrand on his guard, and to do all he can to frustrate the schemes of this gentleman, who is secretly meditating the deliverance of Europe. The state paper, from which the following short extract is taken, was an improvement made by Talleyrand in 1799, upon his own former plan of 1789, then drawn up for the use of the Jacobins, and now new modelled into the system of secret, external and internal, police. Our author prefaces this important document with a remark, 'that some instances of atrocity, displayed in these instructions, will appear needless, wanton, and extravagant; but he has fairly stated their source; for his own part he considers them as assimilating perfectly with the general history of revolutionists, and can hardly doubt their authenticity.' Having premised this, we shall submit the most striking passage in them to the notice of our readers.

'SECRET POLICE OFFICE.

'Secret instructions for the agents of our secret external police, delivered over to them, after their examination and trial have been approved, and after having subscribed the following oath:

'I ———— swear, by every thing that is sacred or terrible, to obey, without hesitation, the orders transmitted to me from the office of the secret police, even were I commanded to stab my father, strangle my mother, shoot my brother, violate my sister, poison my wife, or drown my children; to set fire to churches or orphans' houses, to blow up palaces or arsenals; to murder persons chained in the dungeons of prisons, or suffering on the sick bed in hospitals; to spare neither age nor sex, rank, eminence, nor innocence. Should I disobey the orders or betray the secrets reposed in me, I consent this oath shall be my death-warrant.

'(Signed) ————.'

In perusing this horrible oath, we are reminded of the Inquisition, of the Secret Tribunal, and all its dreadful forms of privileged and licensed murder. Our author tells us he has been promised the secret instructions for the internal secret police agent, and that should they arrive, they shall appear in this publication. We hope they may in a future edition. But he has been disappointed in the receipt of them, as they are not inserted in the present. We would however, advise his friend at Paris to be doubly cautious, or his source of intelligence will soon be stopped for ever. To the second volume of these memoirs, page 83, we must refer our readers for a most curious account of the regular education of the French male and female spies.

Talleyrand, in an early part of the revolution, shewed himself a friend to secret assassination; indeed he began quite in his youth, as we have seen, to practice this amiable mode of conduct to get rid of his enemies. Though he fully agreed to the necessity of murdering the king, he strenuously recommended that the crime should be perpetrated by the sudden stab of an individual assassin, and not by the judicial sentence of a national tribunal.

The terrible and savage massacres of prisoners at Paris during the 2d, 3d, and 4th of September, 1792, Talleyrand, who was then in London, (as appears from his letters to his mistress the Countess of F——hault, by whom he has a son) appears to have enjoyed highly; he calls them 'glorious and noble scenes.'—'I supped last night at the Scotch Lord M——ld's in Great George-street, not far from St. James's, where the party, all aristocrats, though plagued with the infection which the vicinity of a court always introduces, seemed panic-struck, and ready to capitulate with the sans-culottes.' —This extract is translated from a letter in La Correspondence d'Infames Emigrès, tom. iv. page 143, et seq.—Shortly after we see this viper, nourished in the unconscious bosoms of our nobility, writing from London to the National Convention a full account of the state of parties in England, of the military strength of the country, of the disposition of that strength, of our most vulnerable points, and internal divisions. For the authenticity of this letter we are referred to Les Intrigues du C. M. Talleyrand, Neufchatel, 1801, page 124, et seq. and La Faction d'Orleans demasquée, page 204, et seq. The author of which last publication states that it was with the permission of Collot d'Herbois that he copied this confidential letter in the archives of the committee of public safety. It is mentioned in the act of accusation against the Brissot faction, October, 1793. The

above authorities are received upon the continent as of established veracity. We shall now mention a fact that we ourselves know to be true. At this very time Talleyrand was making the most insidious offers of service, through the medium of certain French merchants, to persons very high in our government. Those persons saw through the deceitfulness of his professions, and rejected them with proper indignation. Although he doubtless might have been bought for a time, eventually his natural love of intrigue and money, (of his country, which he has so largely contributed by his secret influence to deluge with blood, he can have no love) would have induced him to betray his employers to new ones; there was therefore as much good sense as honour in this conduct of the ministers who scorned his treacherous co-operation.

We have already presented our readers with such ample extracts from the account of Talleyrand's amours, that according to our intention of confining ourselves for the rest of this article to his public life, we cannot at length transcribe his intrigue in Germany with the wife of Baron S——, who was the niece of the Prince De H——. But we shall just observe that he seems to have been particularly fond of seducing women of rank; in this case, however, he was not the first offender. Her letters to him, after he had deserted and cruelly reproached her, will be found very interesting. They were communicated to the author by a relation of the Baroness de S——: one of them is given in a fac-simile of her hand-writing. There is another fac-simile of Talleyrand's; hardly legible from the seeming rapidity with which it was written. It is a short copy of verses. This lady stabbed herself with a penknife presented her by Talleyrand—

'Non hos quœsitum munus in usus.'

Upon the table were found a sealed letter to her husband, and an open note addressed to Talleyrand, containing these lines,

'I have burnt all your letters. They would neither do honour to my memory, nor to your heart. God forgive you! you are my assassin. I pardon you. (Signed)

'CORDELIA.'

By the side of this note and the letter, lay Rousseau's Eloisa, and the Sorrows of Werter. The former of these works lay open, and in the letter from St. Preux to Lord B. these words were underlined: 'By making existence insupportable, God commands us to put an end to it. In putting

an end to existence, we therefore only obey the command of the Divinity.'

We would call our reader's attention to a similar mode of reasoning in a similar case. A centinal upon a bleak exposed station, in a dark rainy night, feels his post *insupportable*. 'By making it so,' says he, 'my commander orders me to remove from it. Therefore, in removing from my post, I only obey the orders of my commander.'

This unhappy woman left an inscription for her urn as follows: 'The ashes of Cordelia de S——, born Princess de H——, bequeathed to Citizen Charles Maurice Talleyrand.—Memento mori.' This urn was presented to Talleyrand, and lost by him on Christmas day, at Paris, in December, 1796, ashes and all, to the Chevalier Fenelon at faro. For further accounts of the above story, see 'Mon sejour en Allemagne,' Basle, 1800, and 'Die Allemeine annalen,' Leipzig, 1790; (is there not a mistake in this date?) and 'Les Intrigues de C. M. T.' page 66.—In these publications various tragical circumstances attending this amour, and many others, will be found amply detailed; but we must now return to the public transactions of this extraordinary villain.

These parts of his life are of course much better substantiated than those of a more private nature, which, however, rest upon a very good foundation. A man so importantly connected with the revolution is certain to be mentioned in every work on that subject, by Bertrand de Moleville, by Mallet du Pan, by Adolphus, and a numerous list of writers. We need not therefore here be so particular in specifying the chapter and page of our authorities. Indeed the present writer has been unable to separate the political conduct of Talleyrand from the great events it has been so instrumental in producing. He has therefore necessarily introduced some repetitions into his work; the historical passages of which we do not conceive will excite the interest that must attach to the biography.

The instructions given by Talleyrand to General Andreossi in October, 1802, are at once a proof of his dangerous talents, and consummate want of principle. Yet, as is always the case, he is the first to attack in other ministers the mere semblance of those crimes, of which himself is thoroughly convicted. We shall select that part of these instructions, (upon the whole most perfidious to a nation with whom their authors were then at peace, but in this instance most diabolical) which relates to an august personage, who must be shocked at the discovery of these lately meditated plots against his honour.

'To his royal highness the P—— of W——, you have to insinuate that the first consul has always admired his generous and noble mind; and that it has been a source of the greatest regret to him, during the late contest, not to be able sooner to express his respectful admiration, and to gain the good opinion of such a great prince. Pay particular attention to the prince's answers and conversation; and if he throws out any hints, that he knows what the first consul had said about him in a conversation with some of his friends who visited France last summer; but by your conduct, you are to appear perfectly ignorant on this subject. Try to find out who are the prince's principal friends and favourites; if those persons whose names you already know continue to advise and govern him, or if they have been succeeded by others, and who they are. If you can insinuate yourself into the confidence of any one who you are certain possesses the entire confidence of the prince, you may let him understand, as from yourself, that you regret to see his (the prince's) retired situation; and that although you had no permission so to do, yet you would take upon yourself, from the known sentiments of the first consul, if approved by the prince, to ask any sum of money his royal highness should fix upon, as a loan, to be repaid when the prince succeeds to the throne. This transaction is of the most delicate and secret nature, and must be kept entirely from the knowledge of the king, his family, and the ministers; and you cannot be too careful not to commit *(compromettre)* yourself or your character. Should the prince accept of the offer, and you of course receive private audiences, impress strongly upon the prince's mind the necessity for secrecy. When the question is about the sum he should want, you should observe, that to avoid exciting suspicion, which may be followed by discovery, and be hurtful to the prince in the public opinion, you think a certain annual sum (any sum under one million) would be the best and most convenient arrangement. When this point is settled, and that you have received the first remittance for the prince, and, of course, are offered his bond, you are to refuse it, saying, the first consul trusts entirely to the honour of the prince; but you have at the same time to declare, that it would give the first consul the highest satisfaction, if in a letter from the prince's hand, he was assured that his royal highness would, by degrees, cease all future acquaintance and connection with the Bourbons; and at the prince's accession to the throne, not permit them or the other emigrants, to reside any longer in his dominions. Be attentive to what the prince says, and if he is sincere in what he says: after your report you shall receive further instructions how to act. If the prince or his friends decline your offer, endeavour to find out the reason; and if he has not a previous engagement with the Bourbons, and if he entertains any hatred or prejudice against the first consul.'

We must make no remarks upon the above. It may be reckoned among Talleyrand's wildest and most detestable

schemes. Let us now, to vary a little this disgusting narration of the crimes of an individual, relate an anecdote or two of his master's other agents: we mean Buonaparte's ministers, although we might naturally enough be mistaken to mean those of the devil. La Croix, once minister of the foreign department in France, is now prefect at Bourdeaux, to which place he was last year transferred from Marseilles, where having dislocated his shoulder, the surgeon who set it, discovered a mark from a hot iron, inflicted on him as a thief and a forger. This scandalous discovery caused his removal. He is a member of the legion of honour! See Les Nouvelles à la Main; Messidor, year 12. No. iii. p. 8.

Another of these honourable men, Merlin, Buonaparte's attorney-general, in 1792 did not possess one acre of land, nor a louis d'or in money. The property he has since amassed by plunder may be estimated at twenty millions. See Les Nouvelles à la Main, Ventose, year 12, No. iii. p. 2. Brune, late French ambassador at Constantinople, was found by the revolution a sans-culotte journeyman printer. He is now a field-marshal, and possesses 30,000l. per annum.

Et cur non omnia, cum sint
Quales ex humili magna ad fastigia rerum
Extollit, quoties voluit fortuna jocari.

The story of the sans-culotte Duroc going with the king of Prussia to see the parade at Berlin, admiring the scarfs of the officers of the guards, and being presented with one, knit by the queen's own hands, at his departure, is a tolerably strong instance of the blessed effects of liberty and equality; but nothing of this kind ever equalled the upstart Corsican's own manner of acting towards, and talking of, the crowned heads of Europe.

'In last June, Buonaparte presided one day in the senate, and taking out his pocket handkerchief, some letters dropped on the floor, which the senators *strived* who should be foremost to pick up. Being returned to the Corsican, he said with a contemptuous sneer, "Never mind, they are of no consequence, *being only* some letters from Alexander and Frederic, (the emperor of Russia and king of Prussia), who tease me almost to death with their troublesome correspondence. Look," continued he, "Alexander writes a better hand than Frederic, but," searching in his pocket for another letter, "Francis (the emperor of Germany,) writes worse than either." Les Nouvelles à la Main, Messidor, year 12, No. iv. pp. 9 and 10.

The style of the above will be an additional proof to those which our readers must already have discovered, of our

assertion, that from the closeness of the translation from the French, the English of this author is not peculiarly elegant or correct.

It is not to be wondered at that the legitimate sovereigns of Europe should be talked of thus contemptuously by an usurper, whose abject slaves in their national assembly long ago voted a certain reward for the assassination of each of these monarchs. The plan of Jean de Brie, in 1792, (of Buonaparte's prefect at Besançon, of the commander of his legion of honour) for organising a corps of the greatest villains in the felon dungeons, and calling them the twelve hundred tyrannicides, who were to be bound by an oath to assassinate all the kings, sovereigns, and generals in Europe, whom they should judge unfriendly to the rights of man, can never be forgotten. The memory of it was indeed lately revived by the secret agents sent by Buonaparte and Talleyrand to engage assassins to poison Louis XVIII.

'This is the time,' said they, 'appointed by the Eternal, *for an universal change of dynasties over the world*, and before ten years, not a prince will reign, who was not ten years before an unnoticed subject. The emperor of the French can never rule with safety, till good fortune and merit have taken place of birthright and prerogative; until all present sovereigns shall have been dethroned or annihilated, and individuals like himself placed upon their thrones. Do not think,' continued they, 'that what we promise, are the sudden and insignificant sentiments of men imposed upon, or impostors themselves. We are members of Buonaparte's secret police, whose influence extends to all countries, all ranks; who distribute indemnities among the Germans; who prepared the death of the Duke d'Enghien, the disgrace of Drake, and the elevation of a Parmesan prince to the throne of Etruria.' See the Revolutionary Plutarch, vol. iii. p. 81. in the note of the third edition.

That these creatures of Talleyrand, and the arch-fiend his master, did not in these words utter vain boastings, events have too painfully confirmed. But the time seems to be arrived, when the horizon of Europe is brightening; when, awakened to a sense of their impending danger, the two greatest potentates are at length united with us in the common cause of justice and humanity. We trust ere long to see others join the confederacy. Meantime we may be assured, that besides the arms, we shall have to oppose the organized secret agents of France, directed and set in motion by that highly gifted man who in his revolutionary spirit, as well as profligacy, far exceeds Mirabeau; to whom Sieyes yields in cunning; in irreligion, all the world; who, as he has lived

without principle, prays to die unrepenting. See Nouvelles à la Main, Fructidor, year 12, No. iv. page 10.

If we compare Talleyrand to former French ministers, we shall find that he possesses the financial abilities of Sully, the political capacity and duplicity of Richlieu, the cunning and cupidity of Mazarin, the commercial knowledge of Colbert, the insensibility and cruelty of Louvois, the profligacy and depravity of Dubois, the method and perspicuity of Fleuri, the penetration of Choiseul, the suppleness of Vaurepas, and the activity of Vergennes. But with all these natural and acquired talents, what has been the benefit Talleyrand has conferred upon his country or other nations? Rather what has not been the universal and lasting mischief, slavery and wretchedness, which after years of bloodshed and confusion, he has greatly contributed, more perhaps than any other individual, to entail upon France? on the rest of Europe, depredation or continual alarm, and now again the horrors of necessary war. 'Open the map of the world, and not a country is found in which France, under his ministry, has not committed some devastation, infringed some treaty, or violated some principle of the laws of nations.'

> 'Periere mores, jus, decus pietas, fides,
> Et, qui redire nescit cum perit, pudor!'
>
> SENECA.

Such is the winding up of the character of Talleyrand by an author who seems to know him well. We recommend these memoirs to general perusal—they contain a body of authenticated information, enough to convince those who are so slow of belief as not to be already convinced, that the world never produced such monsters of iniquity as it has done since the French revolution; and that the present sultan and grand vizier of France, Buonaparte and Talleyrand, are doubtless two of the most able, but at the same time, most remorseless and unprincipled characters, whose plots and actions ever disgraced the page of history.

ART. VIII.—*An Essay on Respiration. Parts I. and II. By John Bostock, M.D.* 8vo. Longman. 1804.

THE investigations of modern chemistry have contributed largely to our knowledge of the function of respiration. The mechanical physiologists, who contemplated the animal body as a mere assemblage of tubes, and cords, and levers, in vain attempted to form any just notions of the process,

by a reference to a set of laws, which have little analogy to the operations of the vital organs. It is only since the period, when the phenomena of respiration were identified with those changes in the form and composition of matter, which it is the province of chemistry to investigate, that our views have been rectified, and our knowledge extended. The experiments and observations, however, which have been promulgated, are scattered through a variety of journals and separate publications, from which a satisfactory or connected view of them is not to be obtained without considerable difficulty and labour. Dr. Bostock has, therefore, conferred a material benefit on future inquirers, and on all those who are interested in the general state of knowledge on this important subject, by the production of this essay; which is written with peculiar perspicuity, and evinces a great degree of judgment and discrimination in the decision between contending authorities and perplexed results.

The volume was compiled by Dr. Bostock, previous to the commencement of a series of experiments on the chemical state of respiration in fever, and some other diseases, in which he is now engaged. The result of this investigation will constitute the third part of the work: and from the extensive knowledge of the subject and the judgment displayed in this volume, we have reason to anticipate much additional information in this department of pathology, from his researches.

The first part contains an account of the process of respiration. After having given, in the two first chapters, a description of the organs subservient to the function in the human body, and of the mechanism of the process, Dr. Bostock proceeds to examine the capacity of the lungs, and the bulk of a single inspiration. This is an inquiry of peculiar difficulty, in consequence of the difference of the stature and constitution of individuals, and of the numerous circumstances which influence and modify respiration: and accordingly, the opinions and experiments of physiologists are much at variance on this subject. Dr. B. points out with considerable skill the probable sources of error in the experiments of Dr. Goodwyn, Mr. Coleman and Mr. Davy; and he is of opinion that the inference of Dr. Menzies, that 40 cubic inches is the quantity of air inspired in an ordinary act of respiration, is nearest the truth. This inference was deduced from an average of fifty-six inspirations, and it accorded precisely with the quantity of water displaced during inspiration by a man immersed in a warm bath, as well as with the former deductions of Jurin. The

estimates which these authors have given of the capacity of the thorax, also differ considerably, and Dr. B. is disposed to believe that they are all erroneous. The quantity of air which we are enabled to expel, by the most forced expiration, has been variously estimated; by some as low as seventy inches, by others as high as two hundred and twenty. Dr. B. thinks that we shall be nearer the truth in affixing the amount at one hundred and seventy cubic inches, which is nearly the average of the estimates of different physiologists, and which coincides with some trials made by himself upon the lungs of different individuals. Assuming then the calculation of Dr. Goodwyn, that one hundred and nine cubic inches of air remain in the lungs, after a complete expiration, he estimates the medium capacity of the thorax, after an ordinary expiration, at (109+170) about two hundred and eight cubic inches. Dr. Menzies, who is of opinion that seventy cubic inches only can be expelled by a forcible exertion after an ordinary expiration, calculates upon the same assumed datum, that one hundred and seventy-nine inches is the capacity of the thorax in the same circumstances. Now the truth of this datum may be justly questioned, at least as the measure of the capacity of the lungs after a forcible expiration. Mr. Goodwyn, from experiments, in themselves liable to error, learnt that one hundred and nine cubic inches is the measure of the capacity of the thorax after death; and he assumes, as a fact, that a complete expiration is made by every animal *in articulo mortis*. This may be true, perhaps, of animals suddenly killed in the vigour of their muscular strength! but in the human body, dying of disease, (and from such Mr. Goodwyn's estimate was deduced) it is most probable that no farther expiration takes place than the simple collapse of the parts occasions. This, no doubt, will be greater than an ordinary expiration, when the tone of life remains in the muscles, but surely by no means equal to a forcible and full expiration. Presuming, therefore, that Dr. Bostock's estimate of one hundred and seventy cubic inches, as the amount of the air emitted during a forced expiration, is correct, still we cannot but consider his estimate of the capacity of the thorax as over-rated. Upon the whole, indeed, these calculations appear to be but vague and uncertain, since the experiments, upon which they are founded, are widely at variance, and the sources of error not equally obvious.

'From the above data,' the author concludes, 'it may be estimated, that by each ordinary expiration, one-seventh part of the whole contents of the lungs is discharged, and

that by the most violent expiration, somewhat more than four-sevenths of the air contained in them is evacuated. Supposing that each respiration occupies about three seconds, a bulk of air nearly equal to three times the whole contents of their lungs will be expelled in a minute, or about four thousand one hundred and fourteen times their bulk in twenty-four hours. The quantity of air respired during the diurnal period, will be one million, one hundred and fifty-two thousand cubic inches, or six hundred and sixty-six cubic feet and a half.' P. 35.

In the subsequent chapter, Dr. Bostock attempts to ascertain the cause of the first inspiration, and of the alternation of inspiration and expiration. He rejects, as untenable, the hypothesis of Dr. Whytt, who attributed the commencement of respiration to an uneasy sensation, excited by the unchanged venous blood; as well as that of Dr. Darwin, who attributes it to the same sensation, but supposes that in the general struggle of the muscles, those of respiration in particular are found accidentally to relieve it: and he attempts, with some ingenuity, to explain the commencement of the process, by the mechanical enlargement of the cavity of the thorax, (and the consequent admission of air) which necessarily takes place, when the body of the child becomes extended, on quitting the uterus. This savours a little of the overstrained refinement of the Darwinian school; and unfortunately will not admit of universal application. Dr. B. seems to have forgotten that these are animals, in which no mechanical extension of the thorax takes place, previous to the commencement of respiration. Such, we believe, is the whole tribe of birds; which begin to breathe, and even to cry, when nothing but the point of the bill is protruded through the shell; and in which, indeed, the neck and legs only suffer any mechanical change of position, when they are excluded. Some peculiar sensation is the origin of all other instinctive actions; it begins and continues the appetite for food; it obviously carries on the future process of respiration, from the *second* inspiration to the end of life; why then should we assign any other cause for the *first*?

In Part II. the direct effects of respiration are examined under three heads; the mechanical effects produced by the dilatation, and contraction of the thorax; the change produced in the inspired air; and the alteration which the blood undergoes during the passage through the capillaries of the lungs.

The older physiologists, altogether ignorant of the important chemical effects of respiration, of the changes which

occur both in the inspired air, and in the blood, were led to attribute its influence to the mechanical operations in which it consists. They supposed that the alternate dilatation and contraction of the thorax contributed in no small degree to the circulation of the blood. They thought that something important might result from the compression of the *œsophagus*, but still more from the successive compression and relaxation of the nerves of the thorax; that of the *par vagum*, in particular, being supposed to produce the vermicular motions of the stomach and intestines. They imagined that the motion of the diaphragm was the principal agent in propelling the blood through the hepatic veins, and the chyle through the lymphatics, and impressing the bile out of the gall-bladder. But their experiments, the author justly remarks, were made in extreme cases, and in unnatural circumstances, and the results were consequently inapplicable to the ordinary phenomena of respiration. There is now no doubt that the mechanical effects of respiration are very inconsiderable.

Under the second head, Dr. Bostock gives a general history of the discoveries of philosophers in regard to respiration; beginning with those of Boyle and Mayow, when the first accurate notions of the function began to prevail. The opinions of the former were adopted by Dr. Hales, and afterwards by Haller; and were generally received, till the first discovery in pneumatic chemistry was made by Dr. Black; afterwards Priestley, Scheele, and Lavoisier established the absorption of oxygen, as well as the evolution of carbonic acid. The experiments which have been made by chemists since that time, have been chiefly with a view to ascertain with more precision the amount of these changes. A similar notion to that which was proposed by Mayow, or rather which was adopted by Mayow from Dr. Hooke, (viz. that a volatile spirit was absorbed by the blood from the atmosphere) was ascertained by Borelli, Lower, and Willis; but the opposition of Haller, and the failure of their attempts to ascertain the nature of this spirit, contributed to throw their opinions into neglect.

Dr. Bostock enters into a faithful and elaborate account of the experiments made since the time of Priestley, to examine with accuracy the respective quantities of the gases absorbed and evolved during respiration: and he displays much judgment in estimating the influence of particular circumstances in modifying the various results which have been obtained, and his decision will be readily acceded to, so far as decision can be satisfactory, where authority for opposite opinions is

of great weight. The following is a summary of what appears to Dr. B. to be most clearly ascertained.

'1. A quantity of oxygen is consumed in respiration. In ordinary circumstances atmospheric air, which has been once respired, loses nearly .04 of its bulk of oxygen; in twenty-four hours a man consumes a quantity which will weigh about 2lbs. 8oz. somewhat more than twenty-six cubit feet.

'2. A quantity of carbonic acid is generated by respiration; its volume is less than that of the oxygen absorbed, nearly in the proportion of 37 to 45; the weight of the carbonic acid formed in twenty-four hours is about 3lbs. a volume of about twenty-two cubic feet.

'3. The whole volume of the air is diminished by respiration; the degree of diminution is not very accurately ascertained, but it may be estimated at about $\frac{1}{80}$ of its bulk.

'4. A quantity of aqueous vapour, the amount of which is still undetermined, is emitted from the lungs.

'5. It is probable that a small portion of azote is absorbed, upon an average about $\frac{1}{100}$ part of the air respired, making in twenty-four hours about four and a half ounces, or four cubic feet.

'6. From the ascertained proportion in which the oxygen and pure charcoal exist in carbonic acid, it appears that a greater quantity of oxygen is consumed than is necessary for the formation of the carbonic acid which is produced.' P. 99.

The first obvious effect of respiration on the blood, which became the subject of observation, was the change of colour; and various opinions respecting the immediate cause of this change were maintained by physiologists; of these Dr. Bostock has given a clear historical view. One class of observers supposed that a noxious or recrementitious matter was exhaled from the blood, in consequence of which it regained its florid colour: another believed that the change was occasioned by mechanical agitation: and a third, that it depended upon something imparted to the blood from the air. And its connection with the presence of the air was, in fact, shewn by Lower experimentally. Haller, however, opposed his experiments from theoretical principles, and they were forgotten, until Cigna of Turin, and afterwards Dr. Priestley, by repeated and varied experiments, obtained the same conclusions, and established the mutual action of the blood and the air. Lavoisier subsequently ascertained that the blood, after having passed through the minute vessels of the lungs, had undergone a change in its chemical composition, and now contained a smaller proportion of hydrogen and carbon.

Whether these chemical changes, however, take place

only in the lungs, according to the hypotheses of Lavoisier and of Dr. Crawford, has been justly doubted; and the theory of the latter is called in question by Dr. Bostock upon strong grounds. That the veins should be the means of carrying off the decaying parts of the frame, according to the opinion of Dr. Crawford, is inconsistent with our knowledge of the uses of the absorbents. And the fact, which was demonstrated by John Hunter, that the blood is changed into the venous state, even when detained in the great arteries by ligatures, is altogether adverse to the notion that the change takes place in consequence of any additional matter being received into the blood, and implies that it is occasioned by a mere internal change in the arrangement of its component parts. Hence Dr. B. is of opinion, that the theory of La Grange, as modified by Mr. Allen of Edinburgh, affords the most satisfactory explanation of the whole phenomena.

'According to this hypothesis, the blood in its passage through the capillaries of the lungs, absorbs oxygen, which is loosely united to the whole mass of fluid; by this union its colour is changed from a deep purple to a bright scarlet. The oxidated blood is then carried along the arteries; in the course of the circulation, the oxygen leaves the whole mass of blood, and forms an intimate union with a part of the hydrogen and carbon contained in it: by this operation it loses its bright colour, and assumes the venous appearance. This portion of hydrogen and carbon, reduced to the state of an oxide, is then carried along the veins, until it arrives at the lungs, where, after being united with an additional quantity of oxygen, it is discharged from the blood, and forms the carbonic acid, and the aqueous vapour, which are found to exist in the air of expiration'. P. 115.

The only difference, then, between arterial and venous blood, is, that the arterial contains a portion of oxygen loosely combined with the whole, which in the venous, becomes closely united with a portion of hydrogen and carbon only. Some experiments, which confirm this hypothesis, are quoted from Priestley, Fourcroy, and Hassenfratz; and we may add, that the gradual combination of the oxygen, in the course of circulation, accords somewhat better with the general diffusion of the animal heat, than the idea that this union took place in the lungs alone.

The author proceeds to examine the other changes effected by respiration; and notwithstanding the accuracy of the experiments of Mr. Davy, and the according experiments of Dr. Priestley, he is disposed to believe that no azote is ab-

sorbed, except the very small quantity which adheres, by the law of affinity, to a large portion of oxygen, and passes along with it. We are still, however, disposed to believe in the constant absorption of azote, from the evidence of Mr. Davy especially, which is in some measure corroborated by the experiments of Spallanzani on the testacea, and also by some experiments lately performed at Edinburgh, which have been related to us, and the results of which were invariable.

Dr. Bostock concludes, after a judicious review of the arguments which have been adduced to prove the generation of water in the lungs, that the discharge of hydrogen has been admitted without sufficient evidence. He is disposed to adopt the hypothesis of Cuvier, who supposes that respiration assists in the conversion of chyle into fibrine; it being ascertained that chyle contains a larger proportion of carbon, than fibrine; and that the removal of carbon from the fluids is one of the principal effects of respiration. This chapter is then concluded with a summary of the deductions which he has obtained.

The last chapter contains some observations on the respiration of the different gases; from which it is inferred, that, contrary to the speculations of Dr. Beddoes, no particular effect is produced on the animal system, by the respiration of pure oxygen; that azotic and hydrogenous gases are only injurious by excluding oxygen; that hydrocarbon, if inspired in an undiluted state, produces instant death; and that all the other gases, even carbonic acid, when it exists in a large proportion, cannot be inspired.

About one hundred pages at the end of the work are occupied by some valuable notes, containing a large portion of information, illustrative of the different topics of discussion: and a very useful index of reference is subjoined.

We have perused this volume with great satisfaction. It exhibits a clear and concise, yet comprehensive view, of the whole of our knowledge upon the important subject of respiration; in which the incongruous mass of opinions and experiments, which have been successively promulgated, is reduced, with much acuteness of discrimination, to order and consistency. It is far from being the result of mere mechanical compilation, inasmuch as it contains a judicious estimate of the comparative value of the statements which come under consideration; the result of a previous minute acquaintance with the subject, and of much practical habit in conducting similar researches. Possessed of these qualifications, Dr. Bostock will proceed in the remaining part of his

inquiry with confidence and ability, and will be listened to with respectful attention in the future detail of his results. We are happy to learn that he has made some progress in the investigation, and has already deduced some interesting inferences from the experiments which he has performed.

ART. IX.—*Four Letters to the Editor of the Christian Observer, being a Reply to that Author's 'Occasional Strictures on the True Churchman ascertained,' in his 'Candid Examination of Mr. Daubeny's Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ;' with incidental Remarks on Dr. Kipling, Mr. Daubeny, the Reviewers, &c. By John Overton, A. M. Rector of St. Margaret and St. Crux, York.* 8vo. *pp.* 106. 3s. Mawman. 1805.

IT might at first view seem in some degree extraordinary, that Mr. Overton, who has found many direct antagonists, should, in undertaking his own vindication, omit to encounter their open hostilities, and account himself sufficiently defended against all his foes, by a reply to certain *occasional strictures* of a writer in the Christian Observer; whose opinion, we are well persuaded, has been esteemed by many a great deal too favourable to that author, and of whom, in a former review, we verily think with strict good faith and justice, we said, 'from a comparison of the judgment which is given in this publication respecting the writings of Mr. Overton and Mr. Daubeny, we feel no hesitation (if the authors, in this controversy, may be arranged in two antagonist divisions) in placing the Candid Examiner among the ranks of the Overtonians.'*

But *he* knows very little of Mr. Overton, who is yet to be told, that the reasons for that gentleman's conduct are always the very best possible, and altogether infallible.

Accordingly, "if the author (says he) has been successful in vindicating his work, on the points where he is admitted to have erred by his friends, the intelligent reader will not need informing that, *à fortiori*, his task of complete self-vindication would be easy in every other instance.' Pref. p. 9.

Again, 'You, Sir, on the contrary,' (that is, in opposition to Mr. Overton's other antagonists) 'are believed to speak the words of truth and soberness. You are, moreover, in consequence, it may be, of your general approbation of

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* June, 1805; p. 155.

my work, and of our general coincidence of object and sentiment, considered as my "faithful friend and ally," and, on some occasions, even "as my authorised interpreter." (Letters, p. 4.) The occasion, therefore, and foundations of this work are thus satisfactorily revealed to us; and we must think no more with any surprise of its nature and argument.

But, in truth, is there not something irresistibly ludicrous in this logic? The poor Candid Examiner's sides are to be battered and bruised, the bones of this 'faithful friend and ally' are to be disjointed and broken, but all out of love and affection, and every blow is to carry double death with it to Dr. Kipling or Mr. Daubeny, &c. &c. *Their* attacks, forsooth, as 'the Candid Examiner cannot need informing, are notoriously characterized by violence and dishonesty. Nor has any one of them ventured to meet the author's leading question and arguments.' (p. 4.) And therefore 'Delirant *Troes*: plectuntur *Achivi*'—whatever clamour the efforts of those gentlemen may have excited among the ignorant and the prejudiced, and those who wish to be deceived, their effect on the minds of all competent and impartial judges is, a decided conviction, that by every fair means, the author is invulnerable.' (p. 4.) We desire of our, and of Mr. Overton's readers, to pay some attention to this sentence. If he is really sincere in what he writes, why should not he acquiesce in the favourable sentiments of 'all competent and impartial judges, and leave the incurables to their fate?' Or, is it likely that 'the ignorant, the prejudiced, and those who wish to be deceived,' will be sooner undeceived and better-instructed by an attack upon the Candid Examiner, than by an open exposure of the violence and dishonesty of Mr. Overton's declared adversaries, and by a manly appeal and protestation against them? There are other obvious objections to which Mr. O.'s scheme of self-defence is liable, which we shall not stop to enlarge upon. We shall only take leave from this example to caution his readers against Mr. Overton's *indirect* arguments; and to entreat of them to inquire whether both in the present book, and in his former, they do not enter into them in such extent and nature, as to hazard very much his pretensions to the name of a fair and competent reasoner. So much then for this 'argument *à fortiori*.'

But, *strong* as this argument is, it was not to be expected, that, in Mr. Overton's hands, it should be left free and unencumbered, to work its effect by its native and unaided operation. How unworthy soever he may say that his adversaries are of all regard, it was to be expected, that from

Mr. O. they would not escape unregarded. How much soever already one part of the public was convinced that Mr. Overton was invulnerable, and how incapable soever the other was of all conviction, it was to be looked for that he should endeavour both to convince these and to convince those. Accordingly, in the title-page, we have announced to us *Incidental* Remarks on Dr. Kipling, &c. which, as might be expected from Mr. O. occupy a considerable part of the whole volume, and in one instance, are in such a sense incidental, as to amount to more than eight pages together. So that after all, the *à fortiori* argument is to be evacuated; and the Candid Examiner is to want the consolation of dying by darts, which, as they pass from all quarters through his own sides, transfix at the same time each of them a common foe; or at least in the agonies of death, we must permit him to feel an unavailing regret at this prodigality of slaughter, and to breathe towards the conqueror a fainting wish, that he might have been spared to walk in the pageant of his literary triumph, in the humble character of 'a faithful friend,' or 'an authorized interpreter.'

By this time our readers may perhaps think that some further reason for his mode of vindication now appears, than those which have been stated by Mr. Overton; and that by this device he has availed himself of the important advantages of excusing himself from meeting the leading arguments and statements of his adversaries, and of picking out from them such real or seeming errors and misrepresentations as might make the best figure in the way of 'incidental remarks,' and in that motley way of writing by 'shreds and patches,' to which Mr. O. is so largely indebted for the effect which he produces. At the same time, we declare with a pleasure in doing justice to that gentleman, that in this division of his work, he has specified real blemishes and faults, and misrepresentations in the performances of some of his adversaries, which they will do well to correct and remedy, as far as they can; which it is their duty to atone for, in future, as much as they possibly may, by ingenuous retractation, by greater industry, and more circumspection; and which it may be of service to their admirers to peruse and bear in mind, and to gather from the perusal, lessons of forbearance, caution, and moderation. For ourselves we wish it to be clearly understood, that we are much more decidedly hostile to Mr. Overton, than friendly to all the principles and practices of some of his adversaries. And we are anxious not to confound and identify the cause of those sacred interests which Mr. O. has

violated and injured, with an unqualified approbation of every measure which has been adopted by some of his most strenuous antagonists. This may suffice for our remarks on the portion of Mr. Overton's Four Letters which refers to those who have opposed him in open warfare.

If we turn to that part which respects the Candid Examiner, we cannot perhaps do better than to suffer Mr. Overton to be his own literary censor. If we may believe himself, never was any case so plain as this is; never was a writer so clear from blame and exception as he is; never were objections more futile and groundless than those of the Candid Examiner. 'In repeated instances, he mistakes and mistates the meaning of Mr. Overton; he frequently adopts the opponent's misrepresentations for such meaning; he acquiesces in censures for which these mistakes and misrepresentations are the only ground; he advances derogatory positions which he does not even attempt to substantiate; and, what is, perhaps, the least excusable, on points of the first importance, Mr. O. appears to be reprehended for what he does not maintain, and is corrected by the precise doctrines which characterize his work, and is thus made to commit a very extraordinary species of suicide.' (P. 6, 7.) Again, of a charge repeated against him, as he tells us not fewer than a dozen or fourteen times, Mr. O. 'is persuaded that there is no proper ground for the objection, and that it owes its greatest plausibility to the inaccuracy of his reviewer.' (P. 8.) In another place, some of the reviewer's observations 'are inaccurate; others of them are unaccountable.' (P. 17.) And where he urges 'serious and reiterated charges,' there is he informed that 'on this subject particularly Mr. Overton has *nothing* to retract. *Conscious* that he has stated the doctrines of the church of England *correctly*; *confident*, at the same time, as his work declares, that in these doctrines this church discovers at once the greatest piety and the greatest wisdom; he *challenges* the strictest honest scrutiny; he *invites* the appearance of the most formidable fair adversary,' &c. (P. 18.) Again, 'of whatever other faults he may be guilty, it must, he hopes, be evident, that he has not incurred that with which the Examiner taxes him;' (P. 27.) and that his conduct, instead of deserving censure or regret, will appear to the intelligent reader to be 'particularly distinguished by caution, moderation, and truth.' (P. 29.) This is but a slight specimen of the favourable judgment which Mr. Overton passes upon all his own proceedings. In no one instance has the Candid Examiner a particle of right or reason for his mild and friendly animadversions. The True Churchman is

what all such men always ought to be 'totus teres atque rotundas.' He is, like another great wise man,

> Liber, honoratus, pulcher, rex denique regum;
> Præcipue sanus, nisi cumpituita molesta est.

Mr. Overton's arguments are *always* so very unexceptionable and so *entirely* satisfactory, that, to own the truth, we have shrewd suspicions that they are pretty often *too good*, and have that superabundant and needless property of *proving over much*. For instance, in the present case, does it not seem a little surprising, and calculated to excite some trifling suspicions, that neither friend nor foe can detect a single blemish or blunder in a long close printed work of upwards of four hundred pages? what shall we think of an author's judgment of his work, who stands *all* on one side *by himself*, and the rest of his readers with one voice bearing united testimony against him? Again, may not there seem to be another weak place in the texture of all this logic? If the Candid Examiner be so utterly unreasonable and erroneous in every particular of his censure, does not this fact tend to induce some suspicion that his commendation, too, may not be infallible. The praises of bosom friends 'faithful allies,' and 'authorized interpreters,' it may be thought, are at least as liable to error as their censures. And what then if this should bring into peril the redoubted '*à fortiori*' argument itself, and cause the 'Four Letters' to tremble from their foundations? But enough of this strain. Let us add a word or two in a more serious mood, with a view to the Candid Examiner and his friends.

We have ever regarded it as a fundamental mistake and misfortune that the conductors of that miscellany which is the occasion of Mr. Overton's present complaints and expostulations, came forward, in their first Number, with Mr. Overton's work in their hands, and appealed to it as containing an authentic draught of many of their principles, sentiments, and feelings, in matters of religion. To this, we are persuaded, have been owing a great part of the opposition which they have met with, of the suspicion and jealousy with which their exertions have been viewed, and a considerable diminution of those salutary effects which their labours were designed, and, in many respects, were calculated to produce. That for the whole of these unfortunate events their adversaries are not responsible, needs to us no other proof than what, in spite of Mr. Overton, we shall venture to call the unanswerable strictures of the Candid Examiner.

The conduct of Mr. Overton on the present occasion

may open their views a little with regard to the temper and disposition of that writer. We shall be glad if it may be an occasion to them to reconsider his work, and to be led to a juster estimate than we think they have yet formed of the powers and qualities of his head.

In particular, we recommend this revision and reconsideration to the Candid Examiner. All the advantages which Mr. Overton has gained over him in these Four Letters are principally owing to the inadequate notion which he possesses of the manifold imperfections and vices of that writer.

ART. X.—*A Dissertation on the best Means of civilizing the Subjects of the British Empire in India, and of diffusing the Light of the Christian Religion throughout the Eastern World; which obtained Mr. Buchanan's Prize. By the Rev. Wm. Cockburn, A.M. Fellow of St. John's College, and Christian Advocate in the University of Cambridge.* 4to. Rivingtons. 1805.

TO the long list of academical honours, specified above, if we added Mr. Cockburn's poetical distinctions; if we remembered his Seatonian* prize-poem, in which the *fitness* of Milton, as a *bard* to *enlarge the theme divine*, was so *fitly* celebrated: we might naturally conceive that to undertake a review of any production from so fortunate an author, would require much depth of reading, and much acuteness of argumentative power; particularly upon a subject where information is absolutely necessary, and that of a very extensive kind; and on which sound reasoning from established facts can alone throw any light. But a fortunate author need not have a happy pen; and it is perfectly true in all instances, and never more strongly exemplified than in the present, that

> Felix, et pulcher et acer,
> Felix et sapiens et nobilis et generosus,
> Felix, orator quoque maximus, et jaculator,
> Et si perfrixit, cantat benè, &c. &c.
>
> Juv. Sat. vii.

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* Upon Peter's denial of Christ. It was insinuated that all the Seatonian candidates were so *unfit* to gain the prize on this occasion, that Mr. Cockburn's *fitness* was kindly taken into consideration. The line we allude to was

> 'Milton, fit bard, the theme divine enlarg'd!'

Quinctilian's fate was to be counted wise,
Rich, noble, fair, and in the state to rise;
Good-fortune grac'd his action, and his tongue,
His colds became him, and when hoarse he sung.
Charles Dryden.

But Quinctilian had real claims to recommendation. Not so Mr. Cockburn. He is merely *Felix*.

From a patient survey of all Mr. C.'s literary labours, having watched him with unwearied though offended eye, through his long track of successful dullness, we have arrived at the most decided conviction of his inability to devise, and of his want of skill to execute, any work at all deserving of the public attention. It is now incumbent upon us to confine ourselves chiefly to his Essay on Indian Affairs; but as we have before cursorily noticed his exemplary mediocrity of talent, in our strictures upon another of his prose works;* and as we have here slightly, though sufficiently, hinted at his doggrel; should we be able to prove him, in the course of our remarks upon this Dissertation, as incorrect in historical statement, as he is universally allowed, on the evidence of all his former productions, to be deficient in genius and the higher powers of the mind, we shall pretty nearly have established the justice of the inference we have drawn from these unfavourable premises concerning the general meanness of Mr. Cockburn's intellectual attainments. Nor will this short preface be deemed irrelevant by those who consider well what those powers ought to have been, which pretended to discuss the question of this essay.

Whether Mr. Buchanan was as judicious in the selection of his prose, as in that of his poetical subjects, may perhaps reasonably be doubted. And the more so, (if we may argue from the effect to the cause) as in an university, which, although highly distinguished for the cultivation of the belles lettres, is supposed to rest its chief honours upon mathematical excellence, and consequently upon the best instruction in the art of reasoning, two poems of no common stamp were produced; while in prose, although the subject was of an argumentative nature, nothing arose of nearly equal merit. Indeed as the first purpose of an essay is utility, full information upon the subject of which it treats is indispensably requisite. But what certain or complete knowledge the European has of the state of civili-

* See Critical Review for September.

zation among the larger part of the inhabitants of British India, what intimate or correct acquaintance with their characters, customs, and manners, Mr. Cockburn would find it difficult to say. Volumes after volumes have indeed been written on this subject; and some of them by men possessed of high talents, as well as of great local advantages for obtaining the necessary information. But even in their accounts we lament a manifest jejuneness of authentic materials, and although we know much of British India, we have yet much to learn. If then those who have been most conversant with these matters, the turn of whose minds too peculiarly qualified them for such inquiries, have given us their result, and we have found that result unsatisfactory and imperfect; if those who have long resided in the east, with every opportunity which elevated rank and extensive influence, assisting a natural inquisitiveness of temper, could give them of gaining their object; if those men have as yet failed in communicating to us a thorough and precise description of the minute shades of peculiarity in the very numerous and widely different orders of the subjects of our eastern empire; what great additional illustration was the University of Cambridge likely to throw upon the best means of further promoting that civilization, of whose present extent the European is not well or perfectly apprised? It is, at all events, a subject better adapted to the meridian of Bengal; and the infant college of Fort William might here produce a disputant, whose arms are close at hand, who has the country to which he is endeavouring to propose beneficial regulations, near his inspection, and who consequently would have the vantage ground of the most experienced logician in the venerable University of Cambridge; Dares here would be more than a match for Entellus. Had the Vice-chancellor of that University (and perhaps it might not be amiss *'αγαθε 'αγαθοις 'αντεξεταζειν*) proposed to the students at Fort William for a prize essay the following subject—'What are the best means of civilizing the inhabitants of the Fens of Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire?' (and, as Tacitus says, de Mor. Germ. *Fennis* mira Feritas,) we might ask Mr. Buchanan—'Would you not have smiled?' and yet,

> Mutato nomine de te
> Fabula narratur.

That such a subject then should be well treated by such an author as we have fairly acknowledged Mr. Cockburn to be, our readers will not anticipate. It is naturally divided by the thesis into two parts; the civilization and the conversion of

British India. With respect to the first, not so much as Mr. Cockburn seems to conceive, remains to be added to the civilization of a large part of our eastern empire, if by this term we properly understand very great advances towards the comforts and luxuries of civil society, as opposed to the privations and miseries of man in a savage state. Most of the arts that ameliorate our condition, many of the sciences that enlarge and refine our minds, are already carried to a high perfection in this part of the world; and in some instances of the former they might instruct us. Undoubtedly, however, with regard to their mechanical and more particularly their higher knowledge, much might be altered and improved in the further civilization of the subjects of British India, even those who are the most polished at present; and in due season these improvements might be communicated to the more barbarous in degree. Let us therefore now examine what are Mr. Cockburn's 'best means;' what regulations he proposes for the attainment of so desirable an end. He recommends that a splendid establishment should be kept up by the East India Company, for the Governor-general; that this court should be, in Mr. C.'s own language, as applied to Bokhara (Mr. C. as we shall hereafter shew, has much desultory nonsense about nations totally distinct from those he was called upon to consider) 'the capital of magnificence;' for, observes this profound writer, 'luxury under certain limits produces civilization.' Civilization certainly produces luxury; but the former must be pre-supposed to exist, or the latter cannot be thought of. 'Peace,' he sagely remarks, 'and good government, are the two great and universal causes of progressive civilization.' Peace assuredly, external and internal too, is requisite in a small or an infant kingdom to encourage the gradual extension of the blessings of social life; but in the worst times of corruption and of turbulence under the most depraved rulers, what was the state of the capital of the world? What has lately been the state of Paris under the most despotic government? Certainly both were as swiftly progressive in civilization, or rather vice, as they could be made by voluptuous tyranny. Nor is there much occasion to teach the inhabitants of the east any of our luxuries. They are already our masters in the science of pleasurable indulgence, and let them continue so. After touching upon Switzerland and Russia, the former of which countries Mr. C. (he best knows why) calls imperfectly civilized, he favours his few readers with a concise history of Hindostan from the earliest ages to the present time. He begins by kindly obliging us with a statement of the boundaries of that country;

and 'protected by these natural barriers,' says our author, 'in early ages Hindostan enjoyed the blessings of continued peace; except when disturbed by internal wars.' The exception is *primâ facie* absurd. The inhabitants of that country, favoured in some respects with all the 'prodigality of Heaven,' in others equally afflicted with the heaviest evils, were in all times perpetually troubled by internal wars. From Mr. Cockburn's own note, suspiciously laden with Diod. Sic., Strabo, Arrian, and Megasthenes, it appears that Palimbothra at a very distant period had ample fortifications, a proof of danger by war; and the silence of Hindû historians is no argument against external attacks, as they say hardly any thing of Alexander or a Greek dynasty; and probably there have been repeated invasions of so rich and inviting a part of the world. How did this escape Mr. Cockburn in his reference to Ferishta and other Arabic and Persian writers quoted by Mr. Maurice? We discover a similar keenness of perception and strength of argument shortly after this passage in Mr. Cockburn's account of the Geikers:—'a hardy and savage race, who inhabited the country neighbouring to the cultivated vale of Cashmere, which lies between the once civilized provinces of Peishore and Moultan; and who had there grown into notice. These barbarians,' continues Mr. C. 'who lived in perpetual alarms, thought women a burthen to their society. They were therefore accustomed to expose their female offspring to public sale; and if no purchaser appeared, these infants were invariably murdered by their cruel fathers.' How the Geikers would 'grow into notice' for more than one generation, we cannot well conceive, if they sold or destroyed all their females; unless indeed, in this inventive age, Mr. Cockburn has any plan for propagation (which he may have learnt from the private history of the Geikers,) without the aid of women, to submit to the consideration of our government; in which case we heartily congratulate him on the rights of patent, and shall allow him the full merit of bringing before an English public, so valuable a discovery of these self-existent Indians.

We are told in page 6, 'that *Indian* civilization reached its highest glory in the thirteenth century; that arts and sciences flourished, and the court of Delhi was reckoned the most polite and magnificent in the world. A society of learned men, poets, philosophers, and divines assembled every night at the house of the prince Shelid, the heir apparent to the empire; and the poet Chosro presided at their polished meetings;' 'and this was owing

to the just laws and excellent regulations of the virtuous Altumsh, and the long reign of the *generous* Balin.'—A misapplication of epithet is a proof of ignorance of character. 'The generous Balin,' was a desperate warrior. Chosro too was a warrior, and fell in arms. The *Indian* civilization here spoken of at the court of Delhi, was that of the *Mahometan* court, not of the *Hindús;* and all this refinement, these meetings of Islamitish dilettanti, were just such a piece of flummery as the National Institute of France; the *people* were not concerned in it; the Hindús were shamefully oppressed; and the lower orders both of them and of the Mahometans were grossly ignorant. This garbled representation of the state of Hindostan in the thirteenth century, Mr. C. follows up with equal error and confusion. In the same page he talks of 'a savage banditti, called Mewats, who, during the confusion of former wars, had possessed themselves of an extensive wilderness not far from Delhi: in the reign of Balin, *(the generous Balin)* they were *either extirpated* by the sword, or *more probably* brought back to the pleasures of civilized society.' If Mr. C. will refer to his Rennell, page 49, he will there find that the Mewats were all destroyed. His probabilities therefore are superfluous. At all events they need not have been *more probable* than the positive fact. We are next informed of the revival of arts and sciences (after fresh confusion) in the *peaceful* reign of Ferose. A great part of the reign of this monarch was spent in *war*. Mr. Cockburn, *Pacem duello miscuit*. See Ferishta, Vol. 1. p. 75 to 91. Notwithstanding his previous reference to this author, Mr. C. has, it appears, only read Rennell, and that carelessly; but Ferishta not at all, or he would have known better. After Ferose we have more confusion. Here Mr. C. shines like our friend—

> 'Sneider—that muck-worm, whose express delight,
> To shine, like stinking fish, in darkest night.'

Mr. C. delineates confusion in his happiest manner. 'Timur-bec, the destroyer,' says he, 'spread devastation over this devoted region. Bloody was his march, and rapid, and resistless. After a short career of sanguinary success, he returned to his northern throne, laden with the wealth and curses of the Hindûs.' 'With Cambria's curse, with Cambria's tears.' Why did not Mr. C. here give us an extract from the Bard? It would have been at least as like prose as his own writing; generally speaking, as good; and particularly as applicable to the occasion as any thing he has

offered upon India affairs. ' The *peaceable* reign of Akbar,' proceeds Mr. C, ' at length revived the hopes of happier times.' But the reign of Akbar was just the contrary to any thing peaceable; and might with propriety have been added to the alliterative accumulation of afflictions above detailed by Mr. C.* The real excellence of Akbar's reign arose from financial regulations; ' and the writings of Abul-Fazil, his patronized historian,' as Mr. C. continues, cannot reflect any credit upon *Indian* learning, or civilization, as Abul-Fazil was unfortunately a Persian, and not a Hindû.

' While the tide of civilization,' (beautiful metaphor!) says Mr. C. ibid. ' thus ebbed and flowed upon the northern boundaries of India, according to the ferocious or peaceable disposition of its Mahometan victors, the great southern peninsula remained in the undisturbed possession of the native Hindûs, except during the predatory expedition of Cafoor, who by the command of Alla, penetrated as far as Maber, and carried off an immense and almost incredible booty. The historian observes on this occasion, as well as on the taking of Deogar, that the princes of Deccan had been employed for *many ages* in amassing these treasures: it is therefore probable that their country had long continued in profound peace.' This historian Mr. C. does not name. Does he mean that it was Abul-Fazil, who was mentioned last? The treasures, however, here mentioned prove nothing to the purpose of his profound peace, as they were principally owing to the European trade which had begun some time before.

This rambling and incorrect account of Hindustan, in times remote from the present, and which has little or nothing to do with the question Mr. C. was to consider, viz. ' the best means of civilizing the subjects of British India,' is but a bad substitute for information more modern and pertinent. But as if this was not enough, Mr. C. chuses to philosophize upon the general advantages of great states swallowing up small ones. Mr. Mills's letter to Lord Wycombe, lately published, in which he prides himself on having proposed to Mr. Pitt many years ago the establishment of a republic in the Austrian Netherlands under the British protection, is brought on the carpet and censured. We may here ask Mr. Cockburn—' if a buff jerkin is not a most sweet robe of durance?' We will, for the sake of argument, suppose Mr. C. for a moment to be as sprightly as the fat knight, and to reply,—' How now, how now, mad wag, what in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I

* See Maurice, p. 149; and Rennell, p. 59.

to do with a buff jerkin?'—'Why, what a p—x, Mr. Cockburn, has India to do with the Austrian Netherlands?'

Not contented with all this, Mr. C. in a strain of affected sentiment, evidently borrowed in point of expression from the end of Mackenzie's Julia de Roubigné, deplores and recommends injustice in a breath. 'I lament the success of rapacity and injustice. I lament the fallen state of those individuals who were ruined by the late war. But since the great powers of Europe, (what has become of Asia, Mr. Cockburn? Hindustan is not in Europe; nor let Mr. Cockburn quarrel with us for the information, we shall anon shew that he needs it,) were almost all gainers in the end, I am not sure whether tranquillity and human happiness, are not likely to be promoted by it. Austria' (Austria again!) 'which appeared alone to have suffered, gained an immense and most valuable addition of power, by the annihilation of the *troublesome* republic of Venice.' 'Troublesome' is a good despotic epithet, for such a leviathan as Buonaparte to apply to the smaller fry of potentates around him! and it is thus *he* has annihilated many *troublesome* republics. Mr. C. then carries us on to Sir George Rumbold! 'Whither wilt thou lead me? I'll follow thee no further?' 'Alas! poor ghost!'

Thus then Mr. C. applies the above to India, 'While I detest the injustice, I admire the effect,' (is not this something very like nonsense? Nay—is it not downright nonsense?) 'of the partition of Poland!' Good! 'I would not recommend similar injustice to our East Indian governors.' Better! 'The Mahrattas are never likely to form any close league with the Nizam,' &c. Excellent! In the year 1780, there was a general union of Hyder, the Mahrattas, the Nizam, &c. against the English. 'We should form,' observes Mr. Cockburn, 'the closest possible alliance with the Seiks, we may do so with little fear.' Why? 'Because it is hardly probable they will ever unite with any of the Mahratta or Mahommedan States in the north of India; a difference of religion and many injuries sustained by them both from the Hindoos and the Mussulmen, render them irreconcileable foes.' This is bad reasoning. A difference of religion has not been any bar to coalition before. Hyder and the Mahrattas (of different religions) have united, and according to Lord Wellesley, Scindia was in Tippoo's interest.

But our remarks upon Mr. Cockburn must draw towards a conclusion. We have in our last number suggested our ideas upon both parts of this subject, the civilization and the conversion of British India.

In the present article we have therefore confined ourselves chiefly to Mr. C.'s historical passages—and as we have shewn him to be far from fully or well-informed upon so important a branch of his question, we cannot attach much consequence to the advice he gives, to the practical use he draws from an estimate of facts plainly inaccurate. *His* reasonings must be false, whose statements are incorrect. But in page 13, there is as gross and unpardonable an instance of defective knowledge, as we have often had occasion to notice, even in these times of superficial literature. 'It may not be amiss too for our governors to recollect, that India, like Achilles, though almost invulnerable, has yet one point open to external attacks. All the various invaders have entered through the Panjab; and *even now*, on the north of the Attuck, is a powerful kingdom, governed by Timur, the warlike son of the great Ahmed, the victorious hero of Paniput: upon him they should keep a jealous eye.'—'Mark how a plain tale shall set you down'—Timur has been dead many years.

In page 17, we meet with Akbar again; but under a very different character to that *peaceful* one in which he appeared before in page 6. 'The annihilation of justice' is now said to be the result of his reign.

We have some attempts at fine writing in this page upon the responsibility of the Governor-general in India. We are referred to ancient Rome and her proconsuls; and to Cicero against Verres. The integrity of the British parliament, to be warped by no possible bribe, is here duly considered. Diogenes appears in succession upon the scene; and Mr. C.'s favourite argument of luxury for the promotion of civilization, is defended against any modern cynic who may think it superfluous in Hindostan. Luxury indeed, peace, and good government; good roads, schools, colleges, and a clear rule of succession in the native princes lumped together, with the abolition of Hindû and Mahometan customs by the interference of the British legislature, and the employment of native judges, of benevolence, confidence, and *conciliation*, are the substances of Mr. Cockburn's proposals for civilizing British India. But on the best means of effecting these things he is somewhat silent. On the danger of colonization he never once touches, nor at all meddles with the question; and yet he seems upon the whole to think that our establishment in India consists of colonies. He talks of Mr. Buchanan's long residence in that country; and of the advantages derived to it from those who are thus attached to its interest. He also deprecates the quick fortune-making of British birds of passage in India.

But Mr. Buchanan only went to India in 1796; and all persons on the civil establishment remain there upwards of twenty years to secure a tolerable competence.

We have thus noticed the more obvious errors in the first part of Mr. Cockburn's essay; namely that, in which he treats of civilization. Similar mistakes are to be found in every page; but we have sufficiently performed our ungracious task, and shall leave the remainder of his faults in their abode of darkness. It is, however, our duty to assure our readers that they exist; and, if called upon, that we are ready to specify them.

Our own opinions upon the subject of conversion we have already delivered. Mr. Cockburn reviews the five human causes, which Gibbon conceived adequate to the propagation of christianity in the ancient world, and recommends the adoption of such as appear likely to be efficacious in the east. The most important of these, the moral conduct of christians, he thinks will be best consulted 'if the young men who are sent to India, with expectations of filling the higher offices, should not be permitted so soon to quit their native country, or at so early an age be emancipated from the necessary restraints imposed by the tutor and parent.'—This is obvious enough; but if the college of Fort William is not checked in its growth, or rather stifled in its infancy, and proceeds under happy auspices, that will perhaps in future times, be of all others the best seminary for those who are destined to situations of trust and importance in India. Upon this subject we shall not now dilate, but to those who think the hint worth considering, it may afford an ample field for speculation. An established clergy in every part of British India, with a bishop at their head, (a good many bishops might be necessary, and here also is wide room for hope) Mr. C. nexts recommends; but to pious missionaries individually employed in the task of conversion, he points out the propriety (*i. e.* he quotes from Sir Wm. Jones) of rendering parts of the Old and New Testament into the languages of Hindostan, and dispersing these translations among the natives; (or they would not indeed be of much use). We do not quite approve of this mutilation of the Bible. Let us give it to others whole, as we received it ourselves. Mr. C. concludes with offering some less important recommendations. These are surely his own. Our readers probably, weary like ourselves of Mr. Cockburn, may be contented with one of them as a specimen.

It is, that the missionary should make himself master of the simple process of inoculating with the vaccine matter; communicate its advantages to the natives, who are much

afflicted with the small-pox, and thereby excite an admiration and respect for his person, which would very much diminish the principal difficulties with which his zeal is destined to contend. This would do with untutored savages, and the missionary with his vaccine matter would by them be taken for a god; but the Hindú, grateful as he might be for the communication of the advantage, would regard the author in no light than that of an useful acquaintance, nor would it in the least further the effect of religious instruction. Recommending christianity by Vaccine inoculation, or rather *vice versâ*, vaccine inoculation by christianity, is indeed a novel expedient. It is perfectly in the style of a puff in the newspapers about the lottery, which begins with important intelligence from abroad, and ends at Richardson's and Goodluck's office.

Had we not known that Mr. Cockburn was a christian advocate in the University of Cambridge, we should have supposed him from this paragraph, to be an agent of the cow pox institution.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 11.—*A second Part of Notes on the Revelation of St. John, compared with itself and the Rest of Scripture, containing Additions and Illustrations.* 8vo. *pp.* 28. 1*s.* Longman. 1805.

THIS unassuming Tract contains full proof of the industry and patient research of its author. The subject is a difficult one, and such as should be approached with cautious hands. The writer lays before us an accumulation of particulars, which may justly claim the attention of those who are studious to understand the interpretation of this mysterious part of the sacred volume. His Synopsis of the Apocalypse may be compared with p. 76—80 of the Dissertationes Apocalypticæ of the Rev. G. Bingham, an account of which has been given in our Review for August, p. 362.

ART. 12.—*Reflections on the Spirit, &c. &c. of religious Controversy.* 8vo. *pp.* 266. Keating. 1804.

THIS is a work which in its temper, design, and contents, bears a strong resemblance to many which have proceeded from the same

quarter. It is a popish production, and the artifice contained in it, is, by deprecating a controversial spirit, by complaining of the harshness and intolerance of protestantism, and by misrepresenting the reformation, to entice us into a better opinion of popery, and thus to prepare a way for enchaining us again in the most baneful superstitious of that corrupted profession. Even in this work, which we are informed is only preparatory to greater efforts, the writer is not able to refrain himself from pleading for the old exploded doctrine of infallibility, and others equally repugnant to the principles of protestantism.

But we shall not give our readers any further trouble with this disciple of the Vatican, than to lay before them, as a specimen of his competency to plead for forbearance and candour in religious controversy, his character of the first reformers, and of the catholic controversialists.

'Look here upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.' (Hamlet.)

'Far different from this, was the conduct of the first reformers. Setting out, like the late infuriate Jacobins in France, with the subversion of law, decency, and order, their victories were sedition, plunder, and excess. Professing to correct vice, they spread disorder; affecting to recal truth, they gave birth to every form of falsehood. The reformation in effect was the contest of party against power; or the efforts of fanaticism labouring to pull down, what its leaders were pleased to term superstition and idolatry. These leaders were men, who would have figured in any revolution. They had the passions, which opposition but inflames; and they possessed that rough kind of eloquence, which is calculated to awake enthusiasm and impose on ignorance. Some of them, if we credit only the accounts which themselves have furnished of each other, were fanatics, in the mantle of religion; some of them hypocrites, under the veil of piety; some of them plunderers, under the mask of zeal; some of them monsters, without mask, mantle, or any veil whatever. From men of such characters, armed with such principles, it is only consistent to expect all those great excesses which attend on great revolutions; the injurious artifices by which violence procures abettors; and the low expedients, by which party ensures its victories. As for these latter circumstances, they were not merely consistent, but necessary; because, if it was necessary to destroy popery, it was necessary to prove it guilty; if necessary to plunder the church, it was necessary to demonstrate its idolatry; if necessary to abolish continence, fasts, penance, confessions, it was necessary to vilify, and arm the public animosity against them. This, Erasmus observes, the leaders did, most effectually, in their harangues and addresses to the populace. "In these harangues," says he, "they inflamed their fury to madness; they inspired such rage, that they seemed even possessed by the evil spirit." P. 51.

This might have been sufficient. But more adequately to cha-

racterise this canting Romish apologist, let us contemplate, from another part of his work, the reverse of this gloomy picture.

'Perhaps, in speaking of controversial writers, it may seem proper that I should take some notice of our own; that is, of the catholic controversialists, who have defended the cause of popery, or attacked the cause of protestantism, in this country. They are not so numerous, as might, from circumstances, have been expected; neither have I given myself the trouble to read many of them. I have, however, read several; and they were those whose reputation is most distinguished. I think that I am one of those, who would censure illiberality, any where: and hate insincerity, in whatever case it were employed. I therefore, read these authors, with a mind open to conviction; and a disposition prepared to dislike whatever was harsh, peevish, and uncandid. This is, then, the opinion, which I formed of them. They are, nearly all, uniformly alike:—alike calm, moderate, charitable, candid, and sincere: or if indeed, sometimes, they are blunt, unpolished, pointed and severe, they are blunt, without harshness; unpolished, without illiberality; pointed, without malevolence; and severe, without asperity. There is neither insult, nor calumny, nor ridicule, in their writings. Whether they defend their own tenets, or attack those of their adversaries, their defence and attack are every where conducted and sustained by authorities, facts, councils, arguments, and proofs. They had not, they could not have had any other motive to urge them to write, except the mere love of truth; neither interest, in persuading others, nor the desire of praise, place, or pension. The attempt only to persuade, was treason; and to merit praise, by writing well, was inviting persecution. Hence, they wrote solely from conviction; and like men guided by conviction; and ambitious only of doing good, they assert only what they prove; and they prove what they assert, at the risk of their lives. Such men could not wish to deceive. I will say little of their abilities or learning. The abilities of some of them were of the most brilliant kind; and they were formed by habit, to wield the sword of controversy, or to break a spear with the most gigantic hero of the reformation. Their learning, was such, as great abilities joined to the best education, should possess: it was extensive, solid, profound. Eminently versed in the languages of Rome and Athens, they learnt all that antiquity has taught; and they drew their knowledge of religion from the purest sources of christian authenticity. The works of the holy Fathers of the church were the constant objects of their study and meditation. If there be in their writings any fault, which may seem to render them less estimable, it is the inelegance of their style. Elegance they do not possess. But then, how could they? Reduced, if they wished for an education, to fly from their native country, and to seek it among foreigners, their own language was the only one which they could not cultivate; and which, insensibly, became almost foreign to their understandings. Had they written in the

language of Cicero, their works, in point of style, would have ranked with those of an Erasmus, a Bembo, or a Sadolet.' P. 71.

We need say little of the style and language of this production, after so large extracts. It will easily be seen that it is tumid, fulsome, and Gallican.

ART. 13.—*Thoughts on the Trinity. By George Isaac Huntingford, D.D. F.R.S. Warden of Winchester College, and Bishop of Gloucester.* 8vo. *pp.* 116. Cadell *and* Davies. 1804.

THIS is a respectable work: but we do not think that it will tend very greatly to establish the writer's claim to the character of a profound theologian. If a bishop shall find leisure, besides his numerous and most important avocations, to undertake to instruct the public from the press, we always expect that his work should be mature, well-weighed, and elaborate. And when any writer stoops to inform us, that his pen was set in motion by some particular occasion, we like that he should put us in full possession of his design, and tell us explicitly what that occasion was. That Dr. Huntingford had an occasion which impelled him to write, we learn from his dedication to Mr. Addington (Lord Sidmouth.) 'Some such occasion presented itself; and has suggested the following sentiments, which are offered as "Thoughts on the Trinity." But we have perused the volume with attention, and are quite unable to conjecture what this 'occasion' was. In the metaphysical part of these 'Thoughts,' which required a very great caution, circumspection, and skill in the use of language, we are not always satisfied with the success of the right reverend prelate. Nor do we assent to the truth of all his interpretations of scripture. We were tempted, during the perusal of this tract, to look back with regret to the days of Pearson, Stillingfleet, Bull, and Waterland. Some few notes are added at the end, which do not impress us with any very exalted notions of Dr. Huntingford's erudition, and (if we turn back to the beginning) we do not see but that the right reverend author might have sought for his mottos in sources somewhat more appropriate than Milton, or a play of Shakespeare. Still the work may be read with much improvement by those who are strangers to the grave and powerful efforts of our elder Divines.

ART. 14.—*An Inquiry, whether the Description of Babylon, contained in the 18th Chapter of the Revelations (Revelation) agrees perfectly with Rome, as a City. By Granville Sharp.* 8vo. *pp.* 240. Vernor *and* Hood. 1805.

THIS indefatigable writer zealously maintains the affirmative in the proposed inquiry. His proposition is supported by much various and miscellaneous information; and he addresses a serious and affectionate appeal and entreaty to the individuals of the Romish church, while there is yet time, to come out of her, and to be no longer partakers of her sins.

ART. 15.—*Extract of a Letter, on the proposed Catholic Emancipation. Addressed to a Worthy Clergyman in Ireland. By Granville Sharp.* 8vo. *pp.* 12. Vernor *and* Hood. 1805.

THE occasion of this short tract is similar to that of the preceding; only here, Mr. Sharp protests in more general terms against the lately rejected claims of the Irish Roman Catholics.

ART. 16.—*Letters of St. Paul the Apostle, written before and after his Conversion. Translated from the German of the late Reverend John Gasper Lavater, Minister of the Gospel at Zurich.* 8vo. *pp.* 115. Johnson. 1805.

IN very early times many accounts were compiled of the life and transactions of Christ, and his first disciples, and many letters and epistles were composed, besides those which are contained in the canon of the New Testament, by writers very imperfectly qualified for the undertaking, with a view to exalt and adorn the cause of the gospel, as exercises of piety, or trials of skill in composition. The fragments of these apocryphal writings and pious frauds which still remain to us, are not without their uses. The expert advocate of our religion derives from them a considerable and very satisfactory argument in favour of the truth, the genuineness and the divine origin of those books which are received amongst us, and which complete the volume of canonical scripture. In asserting the native and beautiful marks of reality, sincerity, and authenticity in these letters, he is greatly aided by the power of contrast, and is enabled to shew how in the former the hand of man is betrayed in all that is ostentatious, impassioned, rhetorical, artificial, and in a fondness for wonders and prodigies both physical and moral.

This work of Mr. Lavater is an effort of the apocryphal kind; and it contains, like those to which we have referred; sufficient tokens of its earthly origin. It consists of four divisions of letters; supposed to be written by St. Paul before his conversion, immediately after that event; miscellaneous, to several Christian friends; and of the same kind to certain persons in error, and false teachers. We will not say, that the book may not be perused with some profit: but we are persuaded, that the best lesson which can be derived from it, is, that its readers should be induced from the perusal to exalt the scriptures in their estimation, and to be persuaded how infinitely inferior and mean all human efforts are, in comparison of their authoritative and dignified simplicity.

ART. 17.—*Christian Theology; or an Inquiry into the Nature and general Character of Revelation. By the Rev. Richard Lloyd, A.M. Minister of Midhurst in Sussex, and late Fellow of Magdalen College, Cambridge.* 8vo. 8*s. pp.* 408. Hatchard. 1804.

MR. Lloyd informs us in his preface, that it is not his object in the present undertaking, to enter into any nice polemical discussions

of subjects, which are either of a doubtful import or of comparative insignificance; but to propound, illustrate, and enforce those leading doctrines of the Christian religion, which are essential to man's salvation. We have followed Mr. Lloyd through this important design with almost unqualified approbation. His work is at once pious and learned; it is zealous without bigotry, devout without fanaticism, and rational but not sceptical. Its style and sentiments partake largely of the characters of the author's mind, and are generous, affectionate, and diffuse, but sometimes a little deficient in simplicity. We recommend the work very cordially to all our readers. We should have gladly entered into it more at large: but are prevented by the pressure of other engagements, and by our desire to do some justice to a work which has already been too long upon our hands. We have seen with great pleasure that a second edition has already been called for.

ART. 18—*Letters occasioned by a Pamphlet, recently published by Rowland Hill, M. A. entitled, 'A Warning to Professors, containing aphoristic Observations on the Nature and Tendency of public Amusements,' with concise Remarks on a late Withdrawment, from a Dissenting Independant Church. By D. W. Harvey, Esq.* 8vo. 2s. Jordan *and* Maxwell. 1805.

WHEN a person is once determined to defend or abuse a system, how frequently does he betray his ignorance by confounding the design with the abuses! The society of methodists, whose notions of virtue are so contracted as to prohibit the enjoyment of the most innocent pleasure, and to debar their members of the most rational entertainment, have, as it appears from the first of these Letters, caused a Mr. and a Mrs. Ryland to secede from their congregation in consequence of complaints urged against them by their pastor, Mr. Clayton, for having gone to Vauxhall, given balls, and card parties, and visited the theatres.

Though Mr. Harvey equally disapproves with Mr. Clayton, of the excess of any pleasures, yet he briefly and ably argues the point with him, that indecorous behaviour rarely takes place in a well-regulated assembly; at the same time he candidly acknowledges that a 'frequent attendance at some assemblies incites a spirit of dissipation which unfits for the regular discharge of those duties which must be performed in the house economy,' but adds, 'are all amusements to be denied because some few indulge to excess? Would it be reasonable, for instance, to issue orders for the extirpation of fruit-trees, or for filling up all the wells in the kingdom, because it happens that a boy may eat of the one, or drink of the other, and so be thrown into a fever? Human preverseness can abuse and misapply any thing. In these and all other points, prudence is the only guide, and by that guide ought every one to steer his conduct in life.'

In the second and third letter the writer defends the performances of the theatre against the attacks of Rowland Hill. The chief arguments against the drama have been made by persons of the de-

nomination of methodists. We shall not follow our author through the arguments which he has adopted in the defence of the theatre, but shall add, that we coincide with him not only on this subject, but also in his remarks on the proceedings under the gallery of Surrey chapel; to the orator of which conventicle, the words of the author of the Rolliad are very applicable:

'With wit so various, piety so odd,
Quoting by turns from Miller, and from God.'

We have been much pleased upon the whole with this pamphlet; but cannot applaud the author for the attack he has made on Mr. Pitt, in page 38.

POETRY.

ART. 19—*Flights of Fancy; consisting of Miscellaneous Poems, with the Castle of Avola, an Opera, in three Acts; by Mrs. J. T. Serres.* 8vo. Ridgway. 1805.

WHEN a woman of uncommon beauty was pleading before the council of the Areopagus at Athens, conscious of the weakness of her cause, she displayed her bosom, and the incorruptible members of that august tribunal were fascinated into injustice. A law was in consequence enacted, that no female should thenceforward plead unveiled before her judges. Our sense of duty, and inviolable love of impartiality induces us to wish that a custom of a similar nature obtained in this country, and that those fair writers who give their productions to the world, might be prohibited from prefixing their portraits. If, however, in the present instance, we suffer the rigour of criticism to be softened by the attractions of a graceful form, let the example of the hoary Areopagites plead our excuse. This volume is ornamented with a likeness of the authoress: and we shall hardly be accused of want of gallantry, if we confess that we reviewed the beauties of her person with greater pleasure than the effusions of her genius. She has desired that if her productions be found very faulty, she may at least be treated with tenderness and delicacy; and we will comply with her request; for, like Anacreon's mistress, she has the lips of Persuasion.

ART. 20—*The young Rosciad, an admonitory Poem, well seasoned with Attic Salt, cum notis Veriorum. By Peter Pangloss, Esquire, L.L.D. and A.S.S.* 4to. 2s. Jordan. 1805.

A CERTAIN facetious author says of himself, that he scorned to take his degree either at Utretcht or Leyden; though he was offered it gratis by the professors of those universities: he preferred Grub-street, where he had received his education, among the learned of which society he possessed figure and rank. Though this was by no means the truth concerning the above-mentioned gentleman, yet it is very applicable to the present author. His predecessor and namesake indeed took his diploma at Aberdeen, and compared to the author

of the 'Young Rosciad,' he was a well-bred gentleman, perfectly qualified, as all from that learned university are, for his office of tutor to the Duberly family. But the present LL. D. is an illiberal and unmannerly A. S. S.

His admonitions consist of nothing but abuse, idle scandal, and stupid anecdotes, abuse of the public for their encouragement of the young Roscius, scandal concerning his father, and stupid anecdotes relating to the boy. With the private affairs of these two latter, neither we nor Peter Pangloss have any concern whatever; and with respect to the former, we can only say, that John Bull has a right to give his money to whom he pleases: we are well convinced he will give but little to Peter, who will most probably be obliged to continue his 'speculation in Milk-alley for five and twenty years longer,' without remuneration, unless he mends both his matter and his manners. With respect to the plentiful seasoning of attic salt, which the title-page promises, we have been unable to discover a single grain.

ART. 21.--*A Poetical Epistle to the Right Honourable William Pitt.* 4*to.* 2*s.* 6*d.* Gray *and* Son. 1805.

THE poetry of this epistle is respectable; the satire feeble: after the many blunderbusses which have been fired at the premier, this may be considered as a mere squib.

MEDICINE.

ART. 22.—*Medical Collections on the Effects of Cold, as a Remedy in certain Diseases. With an Appendix, containing an Account of some Experiments made with a View to ascertain the Effects of cold Water upon the Pulse. By John Edmonds Stock, M.D. &c.* 8*vo.* Longman. 1805.

THIS little work, as its title implies, is a compilation of authorities on the subject of cold, and the diseases in which it has been found by experience to be, or not to be beneficial. Dr. Stock has taken the nosology of Dr. Cullen as his text-book, dwelling slightly on, or merely naming those affections in which the application is of no advantage, or is detrimental. The work displays much useful and judicious reading; and though the author is strongly impressed, as indeed every one who has witnessed the practice must be, in favour of the remedy which he examines, he is no where impelled to overstep the sanction of experience, nor to give an undue or unmerited importance to the expedient which he recommends. A compilation, indeed, as it adds no new fact to the balance of evidence, is calculated to influence but little the general opinion. Satisfied, however, as we are, of the valuable advantages which this practice possesses, particularly in febrile complaints, we feel grateful to any author who brings the subject before the public view in a judicious manner. It is thus made more familiar to the public ear; and the

same evidence, by dint of repetition, appears to be multiplied; and at length, no doubt, it will have its effect.

Dr. Stock has extended the catalogue of diseases in which the use of cold is beneficial, beyond that proposed by Dr. Currie; and on two points, relative to the action and to the application of the remedy, he differs from this distinguished physician. In the first place, he denies that the operation of cold can be in any degree stimulant, unless the mechanical weight and impetus of the water, or other vehicle, be taken into the account. 'And would not,' he asks, 'the sprinkling of a few drops of tepid water rouse a person in syncope, as rapidly as the same quantity drawn from the coldest spring?' Surely not. The *sensation* of cold is the stimulus which rouses the languid movements of the system. Upon the same principle any other powerful sensation, suddenly excited, as the smell of burnt feathers, the stimulus of hartshorn, &c. answers the same purpose. Cold, suddenly applied to the living body, has two effects; the abstraction of heat, and the exciting of a vivid sensation. The former is alone taken into consideration by Dr. Stock, and is undoubtedly sedative: the latter is as indisputably stimulant. A painful sensation, if severe, will excite a fever; if excruciating and unintermitting, it will exhaust the sensorial power or excitability, and extinguish life. 'It is not easy,' therefore, as Dr. Currie observes, 'to explain why Dr. Darwin, who understood the laws of sensation so well, should have disregarded the influence of cold on this sensorial power."

On the second point, in which Dr. Stock suggests the propriety of using the simple ablution in preference to the affusion, where the shock is not likely to 'interrupt the morbid catenation,' and where the object is merely a reduction of temperature, his observations are rational and judicious. After the temporary application of cold, the heat of the surface often speedily returns, and sometimes with increased violence, which the continued application of it, in a more moderate degree, would probably prevent.

We cannot allude to the important researches of Dr. Currie, without expressing our respect for his character, and lamenting, in common with every friend to literature and medical science, his premature death.

NOVELS.

ART. 23.—*Henrietta Bellman: or, the New Family Picture. A Novel. By Augustus La Fontaine. In two Volumes.* Vernor *and* Hood. 1804.

AUGUSTUS La Fontaine, if the merit of an author were to be, estimated by the number and rapidity of his successive productions would hold a very high rank in the annals of literature: but unfortunately for his reputation, good sense, discernment of character, power of delineation, correctness of style, and above all, integrity of principle, are requisite to give a writer just celebrity. Good sense, we think it is evident, from his Six Novels of Love and Vanity, and Love

and God knows what, lately translated by a lady whose original talants, we repeat, would employ her much better, Mrs. Parsons—good sense La Fontaine does not possess. As to discernment of character, he has none of his own; he copies closely, but awkwardly, from Sterne. In the novel before us, 'My Father' and 'Uncle Toby' are clumsily moulded into a collector and an old disbanded lieutenant, who talks continually of the seven years war. As to power of delineation, he who does not look with his own eyes into the human heart, will never be able powerfully to delineate the actions or passions of men. As to correctness of style, La Fontaine, it is manifest, even through the medium of translation, writes in a conceited manner. Again copying Sterne, he is full of abrupt sentences, which he conceives to be pathetic. Pauses, and laying hands upon shoulders, are called in as helps to dearth of observation, and total deficiency of humour. Integrity of principle we cannot think that author possesses who sneers at religion. Whatever his belief may be, and this is no slight matter, let him at least not disseminate poison, but suffer it to rankle in his own unthinking bosom. In page 36, of vol. 1, of Henrietta Bellman, we have the following sentence. 'The boy, naturally finding a resemblance between Moses and the magicians, and the collector's wife assuring him most gravely that whatever he read of Moses was true, William's imagination was filled with the history of the Bible, the Greek mythology, and all sorts of fairy tales, believing one set of notions as implicitly as the other.' Again page 94: 'There is but one God. All the religions in the world are founded on this maxim. It is this which is taught by the Christians, the Jews, and the Bramins. The rest is the error of man.' If Augustus La Fontaine was even to write less foolishly in future, than he has as yet done, should he continue to write thus blasphemously, we hope our countrymen will have the decency not to translate him.

ART. 24.—*Rosetta, a Novel, in four Volumes. By a Lady, well known in the fashionable World.* London. Longman. 1805.

WHETHER this lady well known in the fashionable world, be Mrs. Baker, Madame La Brune, Mademoiselle French, or one of their customers, we have no clue for ascertaining. She seems however by her motto to have a taste for the atrocious in villainy: 'Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell.' Accordingly her novel has an eminently wicked character; but she has not been happy in the choice of his name. She calls him Mr. Guy Cunningham; strongly reminding us of a very worthy hatter and hosier of that surname. Guy Fawkes would have been a more appropriate title for so abandoned a miscreant as the aforesaid Mr. Guy Cunningham. In good truth the novel of Rosetta has little to recommend it. The heroine is a foundling. A Mrs. Harley, the lady who receives Rosetta from an old clergyman in Wales, *en passant*, wishes her to be married to her son, a Mr. Harley, but she chuses for herself, and is united to a Mr. Duncombe. From her infancy she discovered by her actions

'that she was not sprung from ignoble parents.' She consequently turns out to be the grandaughter of Lord Elsemere! So much for the story. The style is contemptible enough; tame, uninteresting, and incorrect. The novel is written in letters, which are a great deal too 'full of emotions,' and 'oaths.'—'Upon my soul,' 'devil fetch me!' and the like, recur too frequently. They are not pretty expressions in the mouth of a *lady*. One of the most tolerable parts of the book is the episode of Louisa Conway, who being tricked away from her home, and falsely married to Mr. Guy Cunningham, by the *new* resource of his valet personating a clergyman, stabs herself, and is discovered by Guy (peeping through the key-hole,) bathed in blood upon her bedroom floor!

These horrors, are however, contrasted with some lighter efforts of wit and humour. For instance: 'Why, I protest, Emily, you have sent me quite a volume, I was astonished at the first glance of so large a packet. I began to think it a royal patent for creating me a duchess.' Pooh, pooh, pooh!

ART. 25.—*Memoirs of a Picture, containing the Adventures of many conspicuous Characters, connected with the Arts, and including a genuine Biographical Sketch of the late Mr. George Morland. By William Collins, Author of the Slave Trade, a Poem, &c. &c.* 3 *vols.* 12*mo.* Symonds. 1805.

TO those who are acquainted with the secret history of painting, and its present chief professors in England, these memoirs will in some cases excite spleen, in others laughter. To the public they will, generally speaking, be unintelligible. The style of them is rather loose and careless, and in many instances disgraced by cant phrases. But in the life of George Morland, which, with an account of his works, occupies the whole of the second volume, every one who respects the memory of uncommon genius, must be interested. He was one of those men whose wit far outruns their judgment; whose excellence in his profession was equalled by the irregularities of his life; whose extraordinary talents seem to have been accompanied, as is too often the case, by passions of the most wild and ungovernable nature. Johnson's extenuation of Savage's ill conduct is pleaded by this author, in support of his own defence of Morland. We fully allow the amiableness of the motive; and cannot do otherwise than highly applaud a friend, particularly when he has been very candid in stating facts, for striving all he can to remove an undue degree of censure, from the character of his deceased companion. But when an author makes the life of a friend the vehicle for rather violent satire on a large body of men, when he declares his object, 'in delineating the true character of one of those giants in the divine art of painting, nature now and then brings forth' to be the following, 'to mock the erroneous calculation of *pedants* and the pigmy efforts of *mere* study,' we perceive a much

less laudable inducement to his publication, than that of zealous friendship. This writer attributes much gross chicanery to many of his countrymen, and many foreigners, amateurs or professors of the art of painting—not indeed by name, but with a suppression of dates and every thing that could constitute a libel, and yet, as we observed above, in a manner sufficiently pointed to those behind the curtain. We wish he had confined himself to his Life of Morland, which though in many instances very coarsely written, is an entertaining narrative, and bears the mark of truth. The fate of Morland, though accelerated by his own most culpable imprudence, was a very melancholy one. He died in his 41st year, poor, enfeebled in mind and body; so completely a martyr to drinking, as, though conscious it destroyed him, to declare just before his end, 'it had become so necessary to his existence, that a total abstinence from it would be his death.' Shocking infatuation! as such an abstinence certainly would have been the only means of preserving his life. To the contemplation of his works we turn with unmixed pleasure. This author has successively combated an idea, very derogatory to Morland's talents—that he only excelled in rural subjects. His 'Smugglers,' and numerous other valuable pieces are sufficient to establish his general reputation, as one of the first rate painters our country has ever produced, except in the higher style of historical composition.

ART. 26.—*The Duellists; or, Men of Honour: a Story calculated to shew the Folly, Extravagance, and Sin of Duelling. By Wm. Lucas.* small 8vo. Cundee. 1805.

LONG before the days of Mr. Lucas, the author of Sir Charles Grandison endeavoured to dissuade the fashionable world from the practice of duelling; but his efforts proved ineffectual. Many since that time have made the same attempt, but all have failed. This, however, ought not to deter others from the honourable undertaking. Mr. Lucas has accordingly ventured upon this subject, and we can predict with similar success, though not perhaps for a similar reason. Every page in Richardson affords entertainment as well as instruction, but the novel before us is dull and insipid throughout. Mr. L. should have endeavoured to blend amusement with his scripture quotations, to interest his reader, instead of preaching to him. We agree with Mr. Lucas that Christ was 'a perfect man and sent to be our pattern,' but the votaries of this folly are too ardent in sacrificing to the god of this world, to listen to the remonstrance of any friend who should advance these arguments alone for their conversion. To the real christian they are indeed, as Mr. L. observes, the 'rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley;' but others will reject them, as the pearls were rejected by the swine. To both these classes therefore this work is superfluous; the former have no occasion for it, and the latter will not take the trouble to read it.

ART. 27.—*Love and Satire: containing the Correspondence of Julius and Eliza; to which is prefixed, a few brief Memoirs of an unfortunate Lover.* 12mo. 2s. Allen. 1805.

ALTHOUGH there is almost an unvaried sameness in the history of disappointed lovers, yet the reader of novels will be much pleased with the 'brief Memoirs of Julius.' The author indeed would induce us to believe they are founded on facts, but this is so stale a practice in bookmaking, that we are inclined to give no credit to the assertion.

Chance introduced Julius to the acquaintance of a lady whose uncommon beauty and superior talents inspired a passion that terminated only with existence. Possessed of an ample fortune, and conscious of her irresistible attractions, Eliza practised all the airs, and exerted all the superiority of a woman who feels secure of universal admiration: she was, in short, a coquette of most unrivalled eminence. Her ruling passion was satire. Julius had never before been in the society of a woman who possessed such powerful talents. There was something so bold and vigorous in her sallies, that he gave himself up to the most unbounded admiration. In the course of their acquaintance, Julius had sufficient opportunity to observe the inordinate degree of ridicule which she was disposed to exercise. Under this impression he composed an Ode to Ridicule, which was directed to Eliza. He made several efforts to withdraw from her society, but could not arm himself with fortitude enough for so great a sacrifice. During one of these mental conflicts he resolved to make an open declaration of his passion, but his fear predominated: he however ventured anonymously to address several copies of verses to her. As these pieces were not of a nature to draw forth any reply from Eliza, he still continued ignorant of the real situation of her heart. At length he determined to address her, and so far conquered his diffidence as to send her a letter. The reply was such as might be expected from a coquette. The shock was insupportable to Julius, and the attendant consequences proved most melancholy. His strength was much impaired, and his health indubitably injured.

Having left a copy of verses in a summer-house frequented by Eliza, she found them, and sent them into circulation, accompanied by an answer, conspicuous alike for humour and severity; this soon reached Julius, who determined to assume a style of raillery, that might conceal the poignancy of his regret, and by giving the appearance of burlesque to his passion, afford him at once the apportunity of chastising the ungenerous vanity of Eliza. A single reply, to blunt the keen edge of public ridicule, was all that Julius intended; but Eliza to feast her vanity, provoked the pen of Julius to a further warfare, thinking that the novelty of such a correspondence would give her celebrity. What now most nearly affected the peace of Julius' mind was the imputation of a mercenary passion; his attachment to Eliza was represented as an attempt to aggrandize himself by an

union with a woman of fortune. Generous and disinterested to the last degree, Julius revolted with indignation at an imputation so unjust; but now, from pride, he so far disdained to disavow the charge, that he was anxious to appear his own accuser; even ludicrously to insinuate that the fortune of Eliza was the chief object of his desire. This, as was intended, proved most humiliating to her vanity.

Notwithstanding the apparent indifference of Julius, and the jocular manner which he now assumed, nothing could equal his sorrow and dejection; his health rapidly declined, and he felt sensible of his approaching dissolution. Under this conviction he resolved to terminate all correspondence with Eliza, and to retire to a part of the country where he was unknown. He took up his residence in a small cottage on the borders, where at the expiration of three months he resigned his breath.

We cannot conclude this article without assuring our readers that we have experienced much pleasure from the perusal of this novel: the language is classical and elegant; the satirical correspondence also has some claim to our approbation.

DRAMA.

ART. 28.—*John Bull; or, the Englishman's Fire-side; a Comedy, in five Acts, first performed at the Theatre-Royal, Covent Garden, on the 5th of March*, 1803. *By George Colman, the Younger.* 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.* Longman. 1805.

THE author of the present comedy, as if anticipating the sentence of the critic, honestly tells us, that

'Critics will say,
'Tis a trumpery, Bart'lemy-fair kind of play,'

and in good truth there are many parts of it well calculated for the meridian of Smithfield. Abounding with vulgarity, it nevertheless contains a tolerable share of wit and satire; which will afford those who are in possession of a good set of teeth, an opportunity of rendering them very visible.

The part of Tom Shuffleton is a natural and well-drawn character: the remaining dramatis personæ are greatly overcharged; yet we should upon the whole have been much pleased with this comedy, had the moral not been of the German school. We can never give our approbation to any piece, which inculcates seduction under the promise of marriage, in however pleasing a shape it may recommend itself. If the plan of this author be adopted by the sighing females of the present day, we shall have a wedding one week, and a christening the next: the lovers will cohabit as long as detection may be avoided, and the marriage ceremony be made a cloak to hide the sin of prostitution.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 29.—*Scientific Dialogues, intended for the Instruction and Entertainment of young People, in which the first Principles of natural and experimental Philosophy are fully explained. Vols. 5 and 6. 12mo. 5s.* Johnson. 1805.

AN easy and familiar explanation of the principles of optics and magnetism, electricity and galvanism, in the way of dialogue between a tutor and his pupil. Actual conversation, where the curiosity of young people is excited by their own observations, is, we believe, the best introduction to the elements of science. But as many are unable, and many who are able are unwilling, to undergo the labour of explaining incidental appearances to them, the next best method is perhaps to lay before them easy dialogues, which approach in some degree to the vividness of real life. As such we may safely recommend the present performance, though it may be observed that in order to make the pupil bear a part in the conversation, he is occasionally rather more learned and more quick of apprehension than real Charles's and James's will be found.

ART. 30—*A Memoir of the Proceedings of the Society, called Quakers, belonging to the monthly Meeting of Hardshaw, in Lancashire, in the Case of the Author of a Publication, entitled 'A Narrative of Events which have lately taken Place in Ireland, &c.' By William Rathbone. 8vo. 2s. 6d.* Johnson. 1805.

WE have long observed the sect of the Quakers to be on the decline; as far as the exterior is concerned, the amorphous hat of the men is exchanged by many for a narrower brim; and the head of the stiff-necked miss now displays the ornament of the ribband; but from this pamphlet we learn that greater changes have operated among 'the friends,' than mere external decoration: the inward man is undergoing great alterations. A schism has taken place in Ireland, of which a narrative has been presented to the public by the author of this pamphlet; and for the publication of which he has, as appears to us, unjustly incurred the displeasure of the society, who have finely disunited him from membership with them.

Mr. Rathbone, and, we believe, the separatists with him, denies 'that the revelations contained in the scriptures ought to be esteemed a secondary rule subordinate to the immediate revelations of the Divine Spirit, subsequently, *supernaturally*, and inwardly communicated to *every* true Christian believer in *all succeeding times*.' This is directly the opposite of the doctrine maintained by Barclay, the great apologist of the sect; who taught that the inward and immediate revelations of the Holy Ghost are the only primary rule of conduct. Mr. R. in our opinion, has ably and successfully defended the cause which he has espoused, and we augur with him that the prospect of the dissolution of the society is not far distant, that its very name shall pass away, 'leave not a wreck behind:' the contemptible jargon uttered by the males after a two hours nap in the chapel, shall then be done away, and the caterwauling of the antiquated virgins shall be heard no more.

ART. 31.—*Tracts on East India Affairs; viz. Collegium Bengalense, a Latin Poem, with an English Translation; and a Dissertation, &c. &c. By George Chapman, LL.D.* Edinburgh. 12*mo.* 6*d.* 1805.

IN the four opening stanzas of this Sapphic Ode there are two false quantities. The first syllable of *Magus*, a wiseman of the east, is used long, which evidently shews that the wise men did not come from the north; and the second syllable of *Quamvis*, although, is used short. As we proceed, we find various other faults; but before we enter into a full discussion of the merits of Dr. Chapman, as a classical author, we may observe that, like Dr. Hill, the philologist, he is an LL.D. and therefore speaks with the voice of authority, and may fairly be considered as one of the best of the modern Latinists of Edinburgh. Having premised this of Dr. Chapman, and having also heretofore mentioned the metaphysical obscurities of Dr. Hill's Synonymes, we shall beg leave to say a few words in answer to an opinion which the Scotch in general affect to maintain, against the classical and metrical discipline of our English schools and universities. And in defending the cause of sound education, we shall not plead guilty to the charge of any national partiality. The broad question is whether the understanding be rendered most vigorous, and the judgment most decisive, by the application to classical, or to metaphysical study? Let those who disjoin these branches of education, undertake to answer what is in itself an absurdity. We will state the practice of our English schools and universities. It is to begin with the study of the classics, and by devoting many years exclusively to that study, to aequire a perfect knowledge of those languages, which are the key to almost every science; which enable us at least, by investigating the first attempts in ancient times towards the improvement, to judge more adequately of the progress of the human mind in successive ages, and thus prepared in our schools, to enter probably with more advantage upon the course of philosophical study, pursued in our universities. We have said nothing of the formation of the taste, nor of the other more elegant acquirements, only to be made by a patient and persevering application to the two great sources of all that is liberal and enlightened in literature, the Greek and Latin languages. That the Scotch disjoin in effect, the study of these languages from their favourite metaphysical system, cannot be denied, when we see the little progress they have made even in these latter years, as classical scholars. Buchanan is still a century before his countrymen, in polite erudition. And we may perhaps be permitted to ask whether these declaimers are entirely competent to weigh the proportionable value of those studies, in our plan of education, which they have so little cultivated in their own. Those members of our English universities who are distinguished for their learning, are contemptuously styled *scholars*. Greek and prosody, classical and mythological allusions, are observed to be the proper

* See Critical Review for March, 1804.

boast and ornament of a school-boy. But such prosody and such classical allusions as those of the Scotch Latinist, George Chapman, LL.D. in his 'Collegium Bengalense,' would be the punishment and disgrace of any child at our public seminaries. After having slightly noticed the superfluous kindness of marking the quantity of words, and the error of using the word 'Ingenū' instead of 'Ingeni' in lyric poetry, and passing over numerous other errors and instances of prosaic rythm, we shall present our readers with as barbarous a specimen of Latin, as ever issued from the press of Edinburgh. Stanza. 20. Collegium Bengalense.

'Ista jam surgens academia ampla,
Bengălæ stabit tibi pignus et fons
Artium, morum, utilis et scientiæ,
Puræ et honestæ,
Tu Deum lauda, memorique mente
Supplica; grates age deinde regi
Georgio, Melevilio, Veleslo
Mitibus; atque
Fortibus, qui vos, domitis tyrannis,
Moxque concordes animis amicis,
Pace, sacris, legibus, ædibusque
Amplificârunt.
Sic dixit Gabriel.

We shall make no comment upon the above. The author is an LL.D.—and such are the scholars of Edinburgh who depreciate the discipline of our English schools and universities.

ART. 32.—*An Essay on the Elements, Accents, and Prosody of the English Language. Intended to have been printed as an Introduction to Mr. Boucher's Supplement to Johnson's Dictionary. By Jonathan Odell, A. M.* 4*s.* 6*d.* 12*mo.* Budd. 1805.

A passion for simplifying grammatical rules, for explaining the alliance between different tongues upon philosophical principles, is very observable in our modern writers upon philological subjects. But when we look more accurately into their works, we shall find that such authors multiply dull essays, instead of simplifying critical science. What, for instance, can be the person's knowledge of Latin lyric poetry, who could suppose the following stanza to be a correctly metrical imitation of 'Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ?' &c.

'What unfortunate youth, sprinkled with essences,
Calls thee now to the grot? Whom to infatuate
Art thou, Pyrrha, so neatly
Drest with negligent elegance?'

We have selected the above as by far the best attempt in this volume to prove Bentley's assertion false—that the English language will not admit the metrical rules of the Greek and Latin. An assertion any child might safely make, and no grey grammarian could safely contradict. The translation of Sappho's Φαινεται μοι κηνος, &c.

shews the author to be ignorant of the Sapphic metre, or to have so bad an ear, as to fancy this line, 'All my limbs, o'erspread with a cold effusion'—to say nothing of its nonsense,—a Sapphic verse; and when he ventures to refer to this couplet, in support of his argument,

> 'Sing, O Muse, the destructive wrath of Pelead Achilles,
> Source of abundant toil and grief to the host of Achaians;'

passing over the barbarous patronymic 'Pelead,' we must advise him to return to school before he presumes to write again upon prosody.

We might amuse our readers with absurd extracts from almost every page of this work; but shall content ourselves with subjoining the author's interpretation of the epithet *Gracilis*—page 183, '*Gracilis puer*---a youth of *slender intellect*, *easily* duped by female art.' This idea has a propriety in reference to what follows; but whether in person the wretched victim was *slender* or *stout* is nothing to the purpose.

This writer differs from Mr. Walker in some respects upon the due force of emphasis and the proper place of accent; but upon the whole seems to agree with that gentleman in his grammatical opinions. He favours us with some indifferent verses upon the old English language by way of *bonne bouche*, in the conclusion of his work, and leaves his readers to participate in his surprise, that the true nature of accent, explained nearly thirty years ago by Mr. Steele, should have been misunderstood or overlooked by all English grammarians to this day, except Mr. Walker and himself!

With regard to that part of this volume which relates to the elements of our language, we have nothing very strongly to condemn, though little which we can warmly approve; we would not be understood to damn with faint praise;' but we are great enemies to the needless multiplication of books; and Lowth's grammar, when we allow it to be guilty of some few faults and a few more omissions, we still cannot help considering as a treatise amply sufficient for all purposes of useful instruction or real improvement in their native tongue to our English youth; and with regard to the experienced student, this essay will surely not pretend, after what we have shewn its ideas of prosody to be, to contain grammatical precepts which can be estimated as either rare or valuable.

ART. 33.—*A Pocket Encyclopedia, or miscellaneous Selections: being Rudiments of useful Knowledge, from the first Authorities. Designed for senior Scholars in Schools, and for young Persons in general; containing Information on a Variety of Subjects not to be found in any Book of general Use in Schools, and yet by all Persons necessary to be known. Compiled by J. Guy. Third Edition.* 8vo. Longman, *and* Co. 1804.

A good selection, but very carelessly printed.